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SIR JOHN CONSTANTINE.<sup>1</sup>

*Memoirs of his adventures at home and abroad, and particularly in the Island of Corsica; beginning with the year 1756; written by his son Prosper Paleologus, otherwise Constantine; and edited by Q.*

For knighthood is not in the feats of warre,  
As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong,  
But in a cause which truth can not defarre  
He ought himself for to make sure and strong  
Justice to keep mixt with mercy among:  
And no quarrell a knight ought to take  
But for a truth, or for a woman's sake.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE LINEAGE AND CONDITION OF SIR JOHN CONSTANTINE.

I have laboured to make a covenant with myself, that affection may not press upon judgment: for I suppose there is no man, that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to a continuance of a noble name and house, and would take hold of a twig or twine-thread to uphold it: and yet time hath his revolution, there must be a period and an end of all temporal things, *finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene. . . For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are intombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality.—*Lord Chief Justice Crew.*

My father, Sir John Constantine of Constantine, in the county of Cornwall, was a gentleman of ample but impoverished estates, who by renouncing the world had come to be pretty generally reputed a madman. This did not affect him one jot, since he held precisely the same opinion of his neighbours—with whom, moreover, he continued on excellent terms. He kept six saddle horses in a

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stable large enough for a regiment of cavalry ; a brace of setters and an infirm spaniel in kennels which had sometime held twenty couples of hounds ; and himself and his household in a wing of his great mansion, locking off the rest, with its portraits and tapestries, cases of books, and stands of antique arms, to be a barrack for the mice. This household consisted of his brother-in-law, Gervase (a bachelor of punctual habits but a rambling head) ; a butler, Billy Priske ; a cook, Mrs. Nance, who also looked after the house-keeping ; two serving-maids ; and, during his holidays, the present writer. My mother (an Arundell of Trevice) had died within a year after giving me birth ; and after a childhood which lacked playmates, indeed, but was by no means neglected or unhappy, my father took me to Winchester College, his old school, to be improved in those classical studies which I had hitherto followed desultorily under our vicar, Mr. Grylls, and there entered me as a Commoner in the house of Dr. Burton, Head-master. I had spent almost four years at Winchester at the date (Midsummer, 1756) when this story begins.

To return to my father. He was, as the world goes, a mass of contrarieties. A thorough Englishman in the virtues for which foreigners admire us, and in the extravagance at which they smile, he had never even affected an interest in the politics over which Englishmen grow red in the face ; and this in his youth had commended him to Walpole, who had taken him up and advanced him as well for his abilities, address, and singularly fine presence as because his estate then seemed adequate to maintain him in any preferment. Again Walpole's policy abroad—which really treated warfare as the evil it appears in other men's professions—condemned my father, a born soldier, to seek his line in diplomacy ; wherein he had no sooner built a reputation by services at two or three of the Italian courts than, with a knighthood in hand and an ambassadorship in prospect, he suddenly abandoned all, cast off the world and retired into Cornwall, to make a humdrum marriage and practise fishing for trout.

The reason of it none knew, or how his estate had come to be impoverished, as beyond doubt it was. Here again he showed himself unlike the rest of men, in that he let the stress of poverty fall first upon himself, next upon his household, last of all upon his tenants and other dependants. After my mother's death he cut down his own charges (the cellar only excepted) to the last penny, shut himself off in a couple of rooms, slept in a camp bed, wore an

old velveteen coat in winter and in summer a fisherman's smock, ate frugally, and would have drunk beer or even water had not his stomach abhorred them both. Of wine he drank in moderation—that is to say, for him, since his temperance would have sent nine men out of ten under the table—and of the best. He had indeed a large and obstinate dignity in his drinking. It betrayed, even as his carriage betrayed beneath his old coat, a king in exile.

Yet while he pinched himself with these economies, he drew no strings—or drew them tenderly—upon the expenses and charities of a good landlord. The fences rotted around his own park and pleasure grounds, but his tenants' fences, walls, roofs stood in more than moderate repair, nor (although my uncle Gervase groaned over the accounts) would an abatement of rent be denied, the appeal having been weighed and found to be reasonable. The rain—which falls alike upon the just and the unjust—beat through his own roof, but never through the labourer's thatch; and Mrs. Nance, the cook, who hated beggars, might not without art and secrecy dismiss a single beggar unfed. His religion he told to no man, but believed the practice of worship to be good for all men, and regularly encouraged it by attending church on Sundays and festivals. He and the vicar ruled our parish together in amity, as fellow Christians and rival anglers.

Now all these apparent contrarieties in my father flowed in fact from a very rare simplicity, and this simplicity again had its origin in his lineage, which was something more than royal.

On the Cornish shore of the Tamar River, which divides Cornwall from Devon, and a little above Saltash, stands the country church of Landulph, so close by the water that the high tides wash by its graveyard wall. Within the church you will find a mural tablet of brass thus inscribed:—

Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologvs  
of Pesaro in Italye, descended from y<sup>e</sup> Imperyall  
lyne of y<sup>e</sup> last Christian Emperors of Greece  
being the sonne of Camilio y<sup>e</sup> sonne of Prosper  
the sonne of Theodoro the sonne of John y<sup>e</sup>  
sonne of Thomas second brother to Constantine  
Paleologvs, the 8th of that name and last of y<sup>e</sup> lyne y<sup>e</sup>  
rayned in Constantinople vntill svb-  
dewed by the Tvorks who married with Mary  
y<sup>e</sup> daughter of William Balls of Hadlye in  
Svffolke gent & had issve 5 children Theo-  
doro John Ferdinando Maria & Dorothy & de-  
p'ted this life at Clyfton y<sup>e</sup> 21th of Ianvary 1636

Above these words the tablet bears an eagle engraved with two heads, and its talons resting upon two gates (of Rome and Constantinople), with a crescent for difference between the gates, and over all an imperial crown. In truth this exile buried by Tamar drew his blood direct from the loins of the great Byzantine emperors, through that Thomas of whom Mahomet II. said 'I have found many slaves in Peloponnesus, but this man only:' and from Theodore, through his second son John, came the Constantines of Constantine—albeit with a bar sinister, of which my father made small account. I believe he held privately that a Constantine, *de stirpe imperatorum*, had no call to concern himself with petty ceremonies of this or that of the Church's offshoots to legitimise his blood. At any rate no bar sinister appeared on the imperial escutcheon repeated, with quarterings of Arundel, Mohun, Grenville, Nevile, Archdeckne, Courtney, and, again, Arundel, on the wainscots and in the windows of Constantine, usually with the legend *Dabit Deus His Quoque Finem*, but twice or thrice with a hopefuller one, *Generis revocemus honores*.

Knowing him to be thus descended, you could recognise in all my father said or did a large simplicity as of the earlier gods, and a dignity proper to a king as to a beggar, but to no third and mean state. A child might beard him, but no man might venture a liberty with him or abide the rare explosions of his anger. You might even, upon long acquaintance, take him for a great, though mad, Englishman, and trust him as an Englishman to the end; but the soil of his nature was that which grows the vine—volcanic, breathing through its pores a hidden heat to answer the sun's. Whether or no there be in man a faith to remove mountains, there is in him (and it may come to the same thing) a fire to split them, and anon to clothe the bare rock with tendrils and soft-scented blooms.

In person my father stood six feet five inches tall, and his shoulders filled a doorway. His head was large and shapely, and he carried it with a very noble poise; his face a fine oval, broad across the brow and ending in a chin at once delicate and masterful; his nose slightly aquiline; his hair—and he wore his own, tied with a ribbon—of a shining white. His cheeks were hollow and would have been cadaverous but for their hue, a sanguine brown, well tanned by out-of-door living. His eyes, of an iron-grey colour, were fierce or gentle as you took him, but as a rule extraordinarily gentle. He would walk you thirty



miles any day without fatigue, and shoot you a woodcock against any man; but as an angler my uncle Gervase beat him.

He spoke Italian as readily as English; French and the modern Greek with a little more difficulty; and could read in Greek, Latin, and Spanish. His books were the 'Meditations' of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' with the 'Æneis,' Ariosto, and some old Spanish romances next in order. I do not think he cared greatly for any English writers but Donne and Izaak Walton, of whose 'Angler' and 'Life of Sir Henry Wotton' he was inordinately fond. In particular he admired the character of this Sir Henry Wotton, singling him out among 'the famous nations of the dead' (as Sir Thomas Browne calls them) for a kind of posthumous friendship—nay, almost a passion of memory. To be sure, though with more than a hundred years between them, both had been bred at Winchester, and both had known courts and embassies and retired from them upon private life. . . . But who can explain friendship, even after all the essays written upon it? Certainly to be friends with a dead man was to my father a feat neither impossible nor absurd.

Yet he possessed two dear living friends at least in my Uncle Gervase and Mr. Grylls, and had even dedicated a temple to their friendship. It stood about half a mile away from the house, at the foot of the old deer-park: a small Ionic summer-house set on a turfed slope facing down a dell upon the Helford River. A spring of water, very cold and pure, rose bubbling a few paces from the porch and tumbled down the dell with a pretty chatter. Tradition said that it had once been visited and blessed by St. Swithin, for which cause my father called his summer-house by the saint's name, and annually on his festival (which falls on the 15th of July) caused wine and dessert to be carried out thither, where the three drank to their common pastime and discoursed of it in the cool of the evening within earshot of the lapsing water. On many other evenings they met to smoke their pipes here, my father and Mr. Grylls playing at chequers sometimes, while my uncle wrapped and bent, till the light failed him, new trout flies for the next day's sport; but to keep St. Swithin's feast they never omitted, which my father commemorated with a tablet set against the back wall and bearing these lines:

Peace to this house within this little wood,  
 Named of S<sup>t</sup> Swithin and his brotherhood  
 That here would meet and punctual on his day  
 Their heads and hands and hearts together lay.  
 Nor may no years the mem'ries three untwine  
 Of Grylls                    W. G. }  
 And Arundell            G. A. } Anno 1752  
 And Constantine        J. C. }

*Flvmina amem silvasqve inglorivs.*

Of these two friends of my father I shall speak in their proper place, but have given up this first chapter to him alone. My readers maybe will grumble that it omits to tell what they would first choose to learn: the reason why he had exchanged fame and the world for a Cornish exile. But as yet he only—and perhaps my uncle Gervase, who kept the accounts—held the key to that secret.

## CHAPTER II.

### I RIDE ON A PILGRIMAGE.

*Hæus Rogere ! for caballos ;  
 Eja, nunc eamus !*

AT Winchester, which we boys (though we fared hardly) never doubted to be the first school in the world, as it was the most ancient in England, we had a song we called *Domum*: and because our common pride in her—as the best pride will—belittled itself in speech, I trust that our song honoured Saint Mary of Winton the more in that it celebrated only the joys of leaving her.

The tale went, it had been composed (in Latin, too) by a boy detained at school for a punishment during the summer holidays. Another fable improved on this by chaining him to a tree. A third imprisoned him in cloisters whence, through the arcades and from the ossuaries of dead fellows and scholars, he poured out his soul to the swallows haunting the green garth—

*Jam repetit domum  
 Daulias advena,  
 Nosque domum repetamus.*

Whatever its origin, our custom was to sing it as the holidays

—especially the summer holidays—drew near, and to repeat it as they drew nearer, until every voice was hoarse. As I remember, we kept up this custom with no decrease of fervour through the heats of June 1755, though they were such that our *hostiarius* Dr. Warton, then a new broom, swept us out of school and for a fortnight heard our books (as the old practice had been) in cloisters, where we sat upon cool stone and in the cool airs, and between our tasks watched the swallows at play. Nevertheless we panted, until evening released us to wander forth along the water-meadows by Itchen and bathe, and, having bathed, to lie naked amid the mints and grasses for a while before returning in the twilight.

This bathing went on, not in one or two great crowds, but in groups, and often in pairs only, scattered along the river-bank almost all the way to Hills; it being our custom again at Winchester (and I believe it still continues) to *socius* or walk with one companion; and only at one or two favoured pools would several of these couples meet together for the sport. On the evening of which I am to tell, my companion was a boy named Fiennes, of about my own age, and we bathed alone, though not far away to right and left the bank teemed with outcries and laughter and naked boys running all silvery as their voices in the dusk.

With all this uproar the trout of Itchen, as you may suppose, had gone into hiding; but doubtless some fine fellows lay snug under the stones, and—the stream running shallow after the heats—as we stretched ourselves on the grass Fiennes challenged me to tickle for one; it may be because he had heard me boast of my angling feats at home. There seemed a likely pool under the farther bank; convenient, except that to take up the best position beside it I must get the level sun full in my face. I crept across, however, Fiennes keeping silence, laid myself flat on my belly, and peered down into the pool, shading my eyes with one hand. For a long while I saw no fish, until the sun-rays, striking aslant, touched the edge of a golden fin very prettily bestowed in a hole of the bank and well within an overlap of green weed. Now and again the fin quivered, but for the most part my gentleman lay quiet as a stone, head to stream, and waited for relief from these noisy Wykehamists. Experience perhaps had taught him to despise them: at any rate, when gently—very gently—I lowered my hand and began to tickle, he showed neither alarm nor resentment.

'Is it a trout?' demanded Fiennes in an excited whisper from the farther shore. But of course I made no answer, and presently I supposed that he must have crept off to his clothes, for some way up the stream I heard the Second Master's voice warning the bathers to dress and return, and with his usual formula, *Its domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite capellæ*. Being short-sighted he missed to spy me, and I felt, rather than saw or heard, him pass on; for with one hand I yet shaded my eyes while with the other I tickled.

Yet another two minutes went by, and then with a jerk I had my trout, my thumb and forefinger deep under his gills; brought down my other clutch upon him and, lifting, flung him back over me among the meadow grass, my posture being such that I could neither hold him struggling nor recover my own balance save by rolling sideways over on my shoulder-pin; which I did, and, running to him where he gleamed and doubled, flipping the grasses, caught him in both hands and held him aloft.

But other voices than Fiennes' answered my shout over the river—voices that I knew, though they belonged not to this hour or this place; and blinking against the sun, now shining level across Lavender Meads, I was aware of two tall figures standing dark against it, and of a third and shorter one between whose legs it poured in gold as through a natural arch. Sure no second man in England wore Billy Priske's legs!

Then, and while I stood amazed, my father's voice and my Uncle Gervase's called to me together: and gulping down all wonder, possessed with love only and a wild joy—but yet grasping my fish—I splashed across the shallows and up the bank, and let my father take me naked to his heart.

'So, lad,' said he after a moment, thrusting me a little back by the shoulders (while I could only sob), and holding me so that the sun fell full on me, 'Dost truly love me so much?'

'Clivver boy, clivver boy!' said the voice of Billy Priske. 'Lord, now, what things they do teach here beside the Latin!'

The rogue said it, as I knew, to turn my father's suspicion, having himself taught me the poacher's trick. But my uncle Gervase, whose mind moved as slowly as it was easily diverted, answered with gravity:

'It is hard knowing what may or may not be useful in after life, seeing that God in His wisdom hides what that life is to be.'

'Very true,' agreed my father, with a twinkle, and took snuff.

'But—but what brings you here?' cried I, with a catch of the breath, ignoring all this.

'Nevertheless, such comely lads as they be,' my uncle continued, 'God will doubtless bring them to good. Comelier lads, brother, I never saw, nor, I think, the sun never shined on; yet there was one, at the bowls yonder, was swearing so it grieved me to the heart.'

'Put on your clothes, boy,' said my father, answering me. 'We have ridden far, but we bring no ill news; and to-morrow—I have the Head-master's leave for it—you ride on with us to London.'

'To London!' My heart gave another great leap, as every boy's must on hearing that he is to see London for the first time. But here we all turned at a cry from Billy Priske, between whose planted ankles Master Fiennes had mischievously crept and was measuring the span between with extended thumb and little finger. My father stooped, haled him to his feet by the collar, and demanded what he did.

'Why, sir, he's a Colossus!' quoted that nimble youth;

"and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peer about——"

'And will find yourself a dishonourable grave,' my father capped him. 'What's your name, boy?'

'Fiennes, sir; Nathaniel Fiennes.' The lad saluted.

My father lifted his hat in answer. 'Founder's kin?'

'I am here on that condition, sir.'

'Then you are kinsman, as well as namesake, of him who saved our Wykeham's tomb in the Parliament troubles. I felicitate you, sir, and retract my words, for by that action of your kinsman's shall the graves of all his race and name be honoured.'

Young Fiennes bowed. 'Compliments fly, sir, when gentlemen meet. But'—and he glanced over his shoulder and rubbed the small of his back expressively, 'as a Wykehamist, you will not have me late at names-calling.'

'Go, boy, and answer to yours; they can call no better one.' My father dipped a hand in his pocket. 'I may not invite you to breakfast with us to-morrow, for we start early; and you will excuse me if I sin against custom. . . . It was esteemed a laudable practice in my time.' A gold coin passed.

'*Et in saecula saeculo—o—rum. Amen!*' Master Fiennes spun the coin, pocketed it, and went off whistling schoolwards over the meads.

My father linked his arm in mine and we followed, I asking, and the three of them answering, a hundred questions of home. But why, or on what business, we were riding to London on the morrow my father would not tell. 'Nay, lad,' said he, 'take your Bible and read that Isaac asked no questions on the way to Moriah!'

My uncle, who overheard this, considered it for a while, and said: 'The difference is that you are not going to sacrifice Prosper.'

The three were to lie that night at the Wheel Inn, where they had stabled their horses; and at the door of the Head-master's house, where we Commoners lodged, they took leave of me, my father commending me to God and good dreams. That they were happy ones I need not tell.

He was up and abroad early next morning, in time to attend chapel, where by the vigour of his responses he set the nearer boys tittering; two of whom I afterwards fought for it, though with what result I cannot remember. The service, which we urchins heeded little, left him pensive as we walked together towards the inn, and he paused once or twice, with eyes downcast on the cobbles, and muttered to himself.

'I am striving to recollect my Morning Lines, lad,' he confessed at length, with a smile; 'and thus, I think, they go. The great Sir Henry Wotton, you have heard me tell of, in the summer before his death made a journey hither to Winchester; and as he returned towards Eton he said to a friend that went with him: "How useful was that advice of an old monk that we should perform our devotions in a constant place, because we so meet again with the very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there." And, as Walton tells, "I find it," he said, "thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that school and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts indeed"—'

Here my father paused. 'Let me be careful, now. I should be perfect in the words, having read them more than a hundred times. "Sweet thoughts indeed," said he, "that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares; and



those to be enjoyed when time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me these were but empty hopes, for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof*. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.”

‘But I would not have you, lad,’ he went on, ‘to pay too much heed to these thoughts, which will come to you in time, for as yet you are better without ’em. Nor were they my only thoughts: for having brought back my own sacrifice, which I had sometime hoped might be so great, but now saw to be so little, at that moment I looked down to your place in chapel and perceived that I had brought belike the best offering of all. So my hope—thank God!—sprang anew as I saw you there standing vigil by what bright armour you guessed not, nor in preparation for what high warfare.’ He laid a hand on my shoulder. ‘Your chapel to-day, child, has been the longer by a sermon. There, there! forget all but the tail on’t.’

We rode out of Winchester with a fine clatter, all four of us upon hired nags, the Cornish horses being left in the stables to rest; and after crossing the Hog’s Back, baited at Guildford. A thunderstorm in the night had cleared the weather, which, though fine, was cooler, with a brisk breeze playing on the uplands; and still as we went my spirits sang with the larks overhead, so blithe was I to be sitting in saddle instead of at a scob, and riding to London between the blown scents of hedge-row and hayfield and beanfield, all fragrant of liberty yet none of them more delicious to a boy than the mingled smell of leather and horseflesh. Billy Piske kept up a chatter beside me like a brook’s. He had never till now been outside of Cornwall but in a fishing-boat, and though he had come more than two hundred miles each new prospect was a marvel to him. My father told me that, once across the Tamar ferry, being told that he was now in Devonshire, he had sniffed and observed the air to be growing ‘fine and stuffy’; and again, near Holt Forest, where my father announced that we were crossing the border between Hampshire and Surrey, he drew rein and sat for a moment looking about him and scratching his head.

'The Lord's ways be past finding out,' he murmured. 'Not so much as a post!'

'Why *should* there be a post?' demanded my uncle.

'Why, sir, for the men of Hampshire and the men of Surrey to fight over and curse one another by on Ash Wednesdays. But where there's no landmark a plain man can't remove it, and where he can't remove it I don't see how he can be cursed for it.'

'T'would be a great inconvenience, as you say, Billy, if, for the sake of argument, the men of Hampshire wanted to curse the men of Surrey.'

'They couldn't do it'—Billy shook his head—'for the sake of argument or any other sake; and therefore I say, though not one to dictate to the Lord, that if a river can't be managed hereabouts—and, these two not being Devon and Cornwall, a whole river might be overdoing things—there ought to be some little matter of a trout-stream, or at the least a notice-board.'

'The fellow's right,' said my father. 'Man would tire too soon of his natural vices; so we invent new ones for him by making laws and boundaries.'

'Surely and virtues too,' suggested my uncle, as we rode forward again. 'You will not deny that patriotism is a virtue?'

'Not I,' said my father; 'nor that it is the finest invention of all.'

I remember the Hog's Back and the breeze blowing there because on the highest rise we came on a gibbet and rode around it to windward on the broad turfy margin of the road; and also because the sight put my father in mind of a story which he narrated on the way down to Guildford.

#### THE STORY OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

'It is told,' began my father, 'in a sermon of the famous Vieyras——'

'For what was he famous?' asked my uncle.

'For being a priest, and yet preaching so good a sermon on love. It is told in it that in the kingdom of Valencia there lived an hidalgo, young and rich, who fell in love with a virtuous lady, ill treated by her husband: and she with him, howbeit without the least thought of evil. But, as evil suspects its like, so this husband doubted the fidelity which was his without his deserving,

and laid a plot to be revenged. On the pretext of the summer heats he removed with his household to a country house; and there one day he entered a room where his wife sat alone, turned the key, and, drawing out a dagger, ordered her to write what he should dictate. She, being innocent, answered him that there was no need of daggers, but she would write, as her duty was, what he commanded: which was, a letter to the young *hidalgo* telling him that her husband had left home on business; that if her lover would come, she was ready to welcome him; and that, if he came secretly the next night, he would find the garden gate open, and a ladder placed against the window. This she wrote and signed, seeing no escape; and, going to her own room, commended her fears and her weakness to the Virgin.

'The young *hidalgo*, on receiving the letter (very cautiously delivered), could scarcely believe his bliss, but prepared, as you will guess, to embrace it. Having dressed himself with care, at the right hour he mounted his horse and rode out towards his lady's house. Now he was a devout youth, as youths go, and on his way he remembered—which was no little thing on such an occasion—that since morning he had not said over his rosary as his custom was. So he began to tell it bead by bead, when a voice near at hand said, "Halt, Cavalier!" He drew his sword and peered around him in the darkness, but could see no one, and was fumbling his rosary again when again the voice spoke, saying, "Look up, Cavalier!" and looking up, he beheld against the night a row of wayside gibbets, and rode in among them to discover who had called him. To his horror one of the malefactors hanging there spoke down to him, begging to be cut loose; "and," said the poor wretch, "if you will light the heap of twigs at your feet and warm me by it, your charity shall not be wasted." For Christian charity then the youth, having his sword ready cut him down, and the gallows knave fell on his feet and warmed himself at the lit fire. "And now," said he, being warmed, "you must take me up behind your saddle; for there is a plot laid to-night from which I only can deliver you." So they mounted and rode together to the house, where, having entered the garden by stealth, they found the ladder ready set. "You must let me climb first," said the knave; and had no sooner reached the ladder's top than two or three pistol shots were fired upon him from the window and as many hands reached out and stabbed him through and through until he dropped into the ditch;

whence, however, he sprang on his feet, and catching our hidalgo by the arm hurried him back through the garden to the gate where his horse stood tethered. There they mounted and rode away into safety, the dead behind the living. "All this is enchantment to me," said the youth as they went. "But I must thank you, my friend; for whether dead or alive—and to my thinking you must be doubly dead—you have rendered me a great service." "You may say a mass for me, and thank you," the dead man answered; "but for the service you must thank the Mother of God, who commanded me and gave me power to deliver you, and has charged me to tell you the reason of her kindness: which is, that every day you say her rosary." "I do thank her and bless her then," replied the youth, "and henceforth will I say her rosary not once daily but thrice, for that she hath preserved my life to-night."

'A very proper resolution,' said my uncle.

'And I hope, sir, he kept it,' chimed in Billy Priske; 'good Protestant though I be.'

'The story is not ended,' said my father. 'The dead man—they were dismounted now and close under the gallows—looked at the young man angrily and said he, "I doubt Our Lady's pains be wasted, after all. Is it possible, sir, you think she sent me to-night to save your life?" "For what else?" inquired the youth. "To save your soul, sir, and your lady's; both of which (though you guessed not or forgot it) stood in jeopardy just now, so that the gate open to you was indeed the gate of Hell. Pray hang me back as you found me," he concluded, "and go your ways for a fool."'

'Now see what happened. The murderers in the house, coming down to bury the body and finding it not, understood that the young man had not come alone; from which they reasoned that his servants had carried him off and would publish the crime. They therefore, with their master, hurriedly fled out of the country. The lady betook herself to a religious house, where in solitude questioning herself she found that in will, albeit not in act, she had been less than faithful. As for the hidalgo, he rode home and shut himself within doors, whence he came forth in a few hours as a man from a sepulchre—which, indeed, to his enemies he evidently was when they heard that he was abroad and unhurt whom they had certainly stabbed to death; and to his friends almost as great a marvel when they perceived the

alteration of his life; yea, and to himself the greatest of all, who alone knew what had passed, and, as by enchantment his life had taken this turn, so spent its remainder like a man enchanted rather than converted. I am told,' my father concluded, 'though the sermon says nothing about it, that he and the lady came in the end, and as by an accident, to be buried side by side, at a little distance, in the Chapel of Our Lady of Succour in the Cathedral church of Valencia, and there lie stretched—two parallels of dust—to meet only at the Resurrection when the desires of all dust shall be purged away.'

With this story my father beguiled the road down into Guildford, and of his three listeners I was then the least attentive. Years afterwards, as you shall learn, I had reason to remember it.

At Guildford, where we fed ourselves and hired a relay of horses, I took Billy aside and questioned him (forgetting the example of Isaac) why we were going to London and on what business. He shook his head.

'Squire knows,' said he. 'As for me, a still tongue keeps a wise head, and moreover I know not. Bain't it enough for 'ee to be quit of school and drinking good ale in the kingdom o' Guildford? Very well, then.'

'Still, one cannot help wondering,' said I, half to myself; but Billy dipped his face stolidly within his pewter.

'The last friend a man should want to take up with is his Future,' said he, sagely. 'I knows naught about en but what's to his discredit—as that I shall die sooner or later, a thing that goes against my stomach; or that at the best I shall grow old, which runs counter to my will. He's that uncomfortable, too, you can't please him. Take him hopeful, and you're counting your chickens; take him doleful, and foreboding is worse than witchcraft. There was a Mevagissey man I sailed with as a boy—and your father's tale just now put me in mind of him—paid half-a-crown to a conjurer, one time, to have his fortune told; which was, that he would marry the ugliest maid in the parish. Whereby it preyed on his mind till he hanged hisself. Whereby along comes the woman in the nick o' time, cuts him down, an' marries him out o' pity while he's too weak to resist. That's your Future; and, as I say, I keeps en at arm's length.'

With this philosophy of Billy I had to be content and find my own guesses at the mystery. But as the afternoon wore on I kept no hold on any speculation for more than a few minutes.

I was saddle-weary, drowsed with sunburn and the moving landscape over which the sun, when I turned, swam in a haze of dust. The villages crowded closer, and at the entry of each I thought London was come; but anon the houses thinned and dwindled and we were between hedgerows again. So it lasted, village after village, until with the shut of night, when the long shadows of our horses before us melted into dusk, a faint glow opened on the sky ahead and grew and brightened. I knew it: but even as I saluted it my chin dropped forward and I dozed. In a dream I rode through the lighted streets, and at the door of our lodgings my father lifted me down from the saddle.

*(To be continued.)*



*SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF  
LORD GRIMTHORPE.*

I HAVE been asked to write a few words about the late Lord Grimthorpe, and gladly comply with the request. Most of my readers will, through the various obituary notices of him which have already appeared, know that he was born on May 12, 1816, that he was the eldest son of Sir Edmund Beckett, to whose baronetcy he succeeded in 1874, when he changed his name from Denison back to Beckett; that he was educated at Eton, and Trinity, Cambridge, that he was called in due course to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, that he practised for many years before Committees of Parliament, that he made a great reputation and an unusually large income as an advocate, that he retired in 1882, that a few years afterwards he was raised to the peerage on the recommendation of Lord Salisbury, and died on April 29 last, having only just failed to complete his eighty-ninth year. Not so many persons are aware that, as he strictly confined himself to Parliamentary practice, he had year by year some seven months of leisure at his disposal, which he was careful to employ almost as strenuously as the five which were occupied by professional work. He took a Wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and, had he cared sufficiently for academic distinction, he could undoubtedly have figured far higher in the Tripos than he actually did. But his Mathematical attainments were still substantial, of the highest kind though not of the first rank, and they were sufficient to keep him abreast of the multifarious scientific change and progress of his time. Of the books and pamphlets which he wrote and published many were valuable and more were controversial, for he was as combative as he was busy and well informed. If I had to pick one out of all his productions, as being that which was most worth preservation, I should have no hesitation in naming 'Astronomy without Mathematics' although I ought to qualify this preference with the admission that I have no pretension whatever to independent scientific knowledge. It is just worth while to give his own account to me of how he came to write this admirable book. Mrs. Vaughan, the wife of the late Dean of Llandaff, who was a great friend of his,

and a most benevolent and energetic worker for the good of her sex, asked him one day if, to oblige her, he would write a treatise on astronomy for housemaids. He was too little versed in the philosophy of handmaidens to undertake so highly specialised a task, but he said that he would write something upon astronomy which it would need no mathematics to understand, and Mrs. Vaughan naturally accepted his offer. The volume which he produced must have been both clear and simple, for I think I understood it all. It is not true, however, to say that it is altogether 'without mathematics,' for as he gets on to the more abstruse parts of his subject he slides into the use of a certain number of mathematical formulæ, and of a good many technical terms. But this speaks wonders for it; although it was the work of an amateur, no professional, so far as I know, has ever seriously attacked it; and it is to be hoped that it will never be allowed to die out for want of judicious re-editing from time to time.

I knew him for some forty years or more, and possibly during that time had seen him as much and as familiarly as most people; and from first to last my main impression of him remained unaltered, though my affection for him steadily increased. It was his force that first surprised and attracted me, and even during the last three years of his life, though his mind and body were alike failing, whenever he was roused by the temporary excitement of a visit, I was astonished and amazed by the intermittent shows of the old strength. Rugged and sudden, they rose through the level of fatigue and feebleness, just as knobs of granite every now and then peer above the surface of some mountain morass. I have not used the word 'rugged' unadvisedly. Rugged both his body and his mind undoubtedly were. His features, however, though under his tenure of them they were only powerful, would have been handsome if they had been owned by anybody else. His frame was strong, too, and his height commanding; if these had been properly administered they would have made a fine figure of a man. But his physical equipments were in his hands just so much unregarded wealth. He did not value them, and so took but little advantage from them. They were left for others to notice or to pass by, as they pleased. He refused to dress himself like an ordinary being, chiefly because he did not choose to trouble himself about the matter; but there was in his clothes a certain similarity to the equally strange garb of the late Lord Redesdale, during many years Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords,

for whom he had an avowed respect ; and I could never free myself entirely from a suspicion that he had gone as near as he ever went towards imitation in modelling his coat, hat, and shoes upon the surprising pattern of those persisted in by the above-named potentate. But he was also independently old-fashioned, and loved *stare vias super antiquas*. No less rough-hewn than himself were his speeches and his miscellaneous writings. He would as soon have polished any of them as he would have worn patent leather boots. During some thirty years of our joint professional life I must have listened to pretty nearly a thousand of the former, short and long. They were started without exordium, and they ended without peroration. How many a telling reply have I heard him begin with a sort of sigh, followed by ' Well, I'll deal with my learned friend's last argument, if I may call it so, first ; ' and if his learned friend happened to be a person for whom he had no especial respect or regard—and of such there were indeed a good many—and he ventured to stay through the opening sentences, he got a nice foretaste of what was coming on him. I used to notice that, after a few minutes of such handling, its subject frequently found himself ' wanted elsewhere.' As he began, so he would conclude. Dozens of times have I seen him take up a sheet of his voluminous but oft-neglected notes, look at it through his spectacles held backwards—a favourite trick of his—and pause when he found that he had reached the last entry ; he would then give one more sigh and sit down with a final, ' Well, I have nothing more to say.' His manner was just as though he had added, ' There's my argument ; *c'est à laisser ou à prendre*.' But he certainly never condescended upon French, and he conceded just so much to tact as not to affront his tribunal, unless it had made the antecedent mistake of ruffling him.

But it must be admitted that he was sometimes rude. And here, in order to show that my withers are unwrung, let me say that, so far as I remember, he only seriously attacked me once. It was a good many years before he left the Bar. I was leading for a somewhat speculative Bill, which had a strong case upon paper, and his case for the opposition was in the same sense proportionately weak. He spoke in the afternoon, while I was absent, and I had to reply in the morning. My Junior had taken a careful note of his invective, and this I as carefully carried home. When I came to read it in the early morning I found that it was rather strong. As I sat making my own notes for reply, I determined to

lay a trap for him. I sedulously put it about in the robing-room that I was very indignant (I was not), and that I intended to retaliate, and this I did. He came into the committee-room to hear what I said about him. As I intended, my simulated fury made him protest. I looked round at him with an affected surprise, and quoted a not unknown line—

*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes ?*

I meant him to rejoin something to the effect of 'You'd better translate that, we talk English here,' and he delivered himself into my hand. I smiled gently, and, after a most dishonest pause, gave him what I am sorry to confess was my impromptu paraphrase carefully prepared before breakfast :

*Who'd hear the Gracchi 'gainst sedition preach,  
Or Beckett plead for gentleness in speech ?*

Dear old fellow ! He took it with absolute serenity, stayed for a while, and when he found that I was well launched upon the facts of the case, which did not interest him in the faintest degree, he got up and went away. Needless to say that neither of us said or thought more of the incident.

After all, his reputation for roughness had about it as much of myth as of reality. Still, it was not altogether undeserved. I remember once a still dearer friend of mine than he was, George Stovin Venables, also a distinguished member of the Parliamentary Bar, saying to me one afternoon, very sadly, as we walked away together from Westminster, 'Do you know, I'm afraid Beckett's not at all well.' I knew something quaint was coming, so I contented myself with an innocent 'Why ?' 'Well,' said Venables, 'he hasn't been rude to me once this Session.' After a minute or two I reflected that Venables had told me that during the past winter he had dined at No. 33 Queen Anne Street for the first time. I reminded him of this, and added : 'He's all right ; there's nothing the matter with him ; it's only that he knows you at home now ; he won't be rude to you any more.' Nor was he ; and towards the end of the same Session Venables said to me one afternoon, 'You were right about Beckett ; I see he was really quite well.'

But, of course, one never felt absolutely sure that he might not flash out, perhaps when one especially wanted him to show himself at his best. While I was treasurer of Lincoln's Inn it became my

agreeable duty to ask the late Cardinal Vaughan to dinner. I seated the Premier, the late Lord Salisbury, on my right hand, the Cardinal on my other side, and Grimthorpe next to him. I knew well that his standard of affection for certain sacerdotal and artistic classes was not quite as high as it ought to have been, and I was consequently a little nervous as to how he might behave. So just before dinner I whispered to him, nodding towards the Cardinal, 'Now, do remember that that old gentleman is neither an arch-deacon nor an architect.' He recognised the allusion and grunted. When I was escorting the Cardinal to his carriage afterwards, the latter was kind enough to say not only that he had enjoyed himself, but that he had found Lord Grimthorpe very pleasant indeed. I may have been wrong, but I thought I distinguished a sublucent tinge of surprise in the statement, and so was mischievous enough to disclose to him my ante-prandial injunction.

But all we who loved him, and I know that many of us did, took him as he was, and even those who had most to forgive, forgave him. But he did make folk very angry sometimes, especially those who had no sense of humour. There was a certain old baronet, a most worthy gentleman, and a director of one of the principal Scotch railway companies, for which I happened to be retained. He was a constant attendant during the progress of almost every case which affected his company, and would sit by the side of counsel day after day. Beckett was once cross-examining a witness of ours who *could* not understand a somewhat inconvenient question. 'Well,' said he, 'I will put it to you a third time, and three tries will perhaps be sufficient to get it even into the brain of a Scotchman.' I promptly heard the solemn and indignant voice of Sir — — in my ear. 'Now, I consider that a most uncalled-for piece of sarcasm; I have always understood that the average Scotchman, both in intellect and education, is superior to the average Englishman of the same class.' Inasmuch as he knew me to have been born well south of the Tweed, I could not help thinking that my Scotch baronet was as unkind to me as Beckett had been to his compatriot.

One other story, and I will poke no more fun at him. The late H. A. Merewether, Q.C., was among the drollest but most inaccurate of men. He came into Howard's robing-room one morning and finding Beckett, or rather Denison as he was then called, and myself there, he began to tell us how there was a four-wheeled cab lying upset in the roadway just outside, and how it had fallen, not

on to the side from which a wheel had come off, but on to the other; and he wanted a scientific apology from Beckett for this undoubtedly unwonted phenomenon. 'It isn't true,' growled Beckett, as he put on his wig. 'But I tell you it is, I've just seen it,' cried Merewether. 'You haven't; I tell you it isn't true,' insisted Beckett. 'Well, I am ——' (something or other) snapped the irate Merewether. Of course Beckett might just as well have told him that he must be mistaken. It ended by our all going out to look at the cab; and we found that Merewether had been misled by the loose wheel having been over carefully laid on the top of the sound one, which was, according to the ordinary laws of nature, lying uppermost. Poor Merewether went off doubly enraged with Beckett in consequence of his own mistake. But he had his revenge on him in a few minutes. He and I were sitting in a somewhat crowded room, when Beckett came behind us in a rare fluster. His clerk had misplaced two of his bags, and he wanted one which lay before us, and which contained some notes from which he was about to speak elsewhere. 'Here, Merry,' he cried, happily oblivious of having injured him so lately, 'just give me that bag in front of you, there; that one marked E.B.D.' (Edmund Beckett Denison). 'U.B.D.!' snapped Merewether, as quick as thought, still smarting a little, perhaps, over the normal but irritating behaviour of the four-wheeled cab; and I had to hand over the bag amid the laughter of the populace.

His opinions of his contemporaries, expressed from time to time with the greatest possible freedom to me, and I dare say to others, it would hardly be discreet to recount; but if I was tempted to think most of them sound, I recognised that some, even of those which I shared, were not untinged with prejudice. At all events he hated cant, shifts, and compromises, the last perhaps a little too thoroughly. He was also too reluctant in his attitude towards new ideas. He would never listen, for instance, to any defence of the Darwinian theory, and although I am not competent to speak positively on such matters, I fancy that he was not sufficiently receptive of some of the newer pronouncements in speculative science. His pamphlets upon philosophical subjects were perhaps more entertaining than they were of permanent value, but they always showed the vigour and courage of a man who, conscious of strength, felt that he had warrant in himself for his own opinions, and had no notion of leaving the great topics which concern all men alike, such as theology, metaphysics, moral philosophy,



church government, and certain of the fine arts, to the monopoly of self-constituted authorities. In this he occasionally displayed too great a contempt for expert knowledge of details and for esoteric study; but in the main, and upon the principle of intellectual freedom, all strong men will be inclined to say '*Sit anima mea cum Grimthorpio!*' In several contests with experts the victory remained with him, though in others his obstinate mental Toryism led him into undeniable trouble; as, for instance, when he measured swords with the late Professor Huxley about 'Miracles.' But he would have been a bold bellfounder or clockmaker who would have challenged the author of 'Clocks, Watches, and Bells' to single combat. Architects decried him, but more than one of them found that he hit knuckles very hard. His work at St. Albans was restoration on the largest scale, and under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. A larger gift of artistic invention would have enabled him in certain not unimportant details to do it somewhat better; but, for all that, it was well done, and I have no doubt that he contemplated it with just pride, and that he had sufficient knowledge of Shakespeare to say with Coriolanus, 'Alone, I did it!' As to the munificence of the undertaking there can be no question. The Abbey would not have stood much longer without him, for all previous attempts to take it in hand thoroughly had failed for want of money. I remember well that just before he began to build his own house near St. Albans, which he purposely placed so as to give him a good view of the Abbey, a Hertfordshire friend of mine asked me what sort of man he was: 'Did he hunt, did he shoot, did he care for farming?' I answered, 'No, he is not much of a countryman, but he is a right good fellow, and if you let him have his own way, he is very likely to restore your Abbey.' 'If he'll only do that, we'll forgive him all,' said my friend; 'you may depend upon it, he shall have his own way!' So he had, but only after a stiff fight, in which his opponents were left beaten and grumbling. He restored a second church for the same fortunate city, and I should not myself have liked to run the risk of undertaking the payment of his St. Albans bills, unless he had previously provided me with something not so very far short of £200,000. I should have wanted at least double that sum to extend such a guarantee so as to father his kindred liabilities all over the kingdom. To estimate these aright, one would have not only to appraise the cost of such works as churches designed and wholly paid for by himself, but a hundred less palpable

and more private items of expenditure, through which let us hope that a corresponding number of clergymen were made to feel no less gratitude than comfort.

With all his great and lovable qualities his friends were comparatively few. The majority of ordinary people, kindly as he always was to such of them as came into contact with him, had few attractions for him, and it must be admitted that they returned the compliment. His soul was closed against sport, and from his boyhood he abominated games. Sir Arthur Helps used to say that at Eton he exercised his mechanical aptitudes in the construction of various barriers against the intrusion of unwelcome visitors. I suppose that there was some foundation for the statement that he was, in the commoner sense of the word, unsociable. Not that he was a recluse, or that he shunned his fellows. He entertained a certain number of the friends whom he loved in his country house, and he used to give a corresponding number of dinner-parties in London. Both forms of his hospitality were very enjoyable, for without any great show, his house was thoroughly well kept, and those who were asked to stay there might feel sure of his affection; his talk was excellent, and he was not dictatorial in conversation, though positive enough in announcing his own views, and in denouncing yours, if they did not suit him; moreover, Hertfordshire, with its homelike and unpretending landscape, is eminently likeable, and none of Lord Grimthorpe's visitors were ever forced to go out driving when they chose to walk. One of the main charms of his dinners was that he liked plain food, and a minor merit of them was that he had the *pièces de résistance* carved upon the table.

To go back for a last word or two about his intellectual range. Like his social tastes, it had its close fences. For literature proper I do not think that he had any great care. He liked a book far more for the substance of its contents than for its form. Though he probably read Walter Scott when he was young, I can't recall any mention of him, or of Dickens, Thackeray, or Miss Austen. I hardly think that for many years he ever read a novel. One day I was enlarging upon the grandeur of Gibbon's style, when he burst in with something to the effect that all style was a trick of some sort, and that Gibbon's was to end all his sentences with a verb or a substantive. As though there must not be something idiosyncratic in every writer who has a style of his own! Moreover, his dictum about the great historian's method was far too

sweeping, though not altogether without foundation in fact. To poetry he turned a very deaf ear. I had to be content with pretending to try and convert him, for I long ago ceased to think that my chances of doing so bore even the faintest relation to reality. He once insisted to me that the best line he knew was one of Spenser's :

But sad Proserpina, the Queen of Hell.

As the words themselves are bare of all idea, and, save for the one word 'sad,' constitute a mere name and title, I own that I was much put to it to think what the reason of his preference might be. I felt sure that he meant what he said, for he spoke quite seriously, and I knew that he never played tricks. But 'I beat my music out' after I had left him. It was the mechanical construction of the line that had caught him. It chanced to be a pure iambic line, allowance being made, of course, for the fact that our heroic metre has only ten syllables instead of twelve. I think also that he was impervious to music, and that his well and deservedly loved wife, who was devoted to it, had failed to convert him to Mozart as completely as I had to Shelley.

Two men who flourished in his own time, and of whom he invariably spoke with unabated admiration and respect, were Lord Lyndhurst and Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York. He never tired of extolling Lyndhurst, and to my knowledge he read Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life' of him twice during the last ten years of his own. He was fond of repeating—what I have no doubt is true, and is, as I believe, generally acknowledged—that Lyndhurst's oral judgments were mostly good, and his written ones frequently bad, and that because the former were his own, and the latter chiefly those which he had entrusted to some *âme damnée* or other, who was far his inferior. He delighted to call Dr. Thomson 'my archbishop,' and not merely because he was his diocesan chancellor. He had more than a sneaking kindness for Lord Beaconsfield, as who would not have for the genius which produced not only 'Coningsby,' 'Tancred,' and 'Sybil,' but also 'Ixion in Heaven,' 'Popanilla,' and 'The Infernal Marriage'; not that these qualifications were those which attracted Grimthorpe, but, amongst other things, he might well have had a genuine admiration for one of the best tempered men in the world.

So might I run on far beyond the space which the Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE would be able to accord to me. I feel that I have lost a friend of whom it is something to have been a friend ;

the world, too, became the poorer when his powers began to wane. The peculiar place he held in his profession has not been refilled; it may even be doubted whether the breed of such advocates as he was has not died out with the times and traditions which produced it. Though he took no avowed part in politics, he gave much useful counsel to statesmen in both Houses and of both parties. His contributions to the literature of science and architecture, though they may not have been of the highest, were of a useful order. His public spirit was shown by his munificence in the direction in which his tastes drew him, and, as I have hinted, it was not less lavishly indulged in the bestowal of private benefits than in the larger public works which speak for themselves. Let us feel that we have bidden farewell to a strong and good man, of whom, whatever his limitations, his prejudices, his superficial faults and peculiarities may have been, his generation ought to feel somewhat proud. If I have told freely enough a few 'pleasant' stories about him, I feel as sure that they would not have offended him as Italian peasants feel that the saints whom they scold or make jokes about, but in whom they still devoutly believe, 'won't mind it from them.' I honoured him much, and I no less regret him.

E. H. PEMBER.

## ROSES.

BY THE REV. CANON ELLACOMBE.

IN a medical treatise of the fourteenth century the author begins his account of the rose in these words :

Of ye rose y<sup>e</sup> springeth on spray,  
Schewyth hys flowris in someris day,  
It nedyth nojt try to discrie,  
Eueri man knowyth at eye  
Of his vertues and of his kende—

and I cannot do better than take his introduction as the introduction to this paper on roses. For I do not intend in it to give anything like a botanical description of the genus *Rosa*, or of its many species and varieties. I shall not attempt a scientific classification of the family ; I shall say little or nothing of the cultivation of the plant, or of the many ways by which from a few single types a multitude of hybrids has been produced, which are the admiration of all rose growers ; and there are many other points which, perhaps, I cannot leave quite untouched, but I shall do little more than glance at them. The rose has been so long admired and studied that it may seem a useless labour to attempt to find anything new ; and I do not claim to have found anything new. But the field is so large that, though the main harvest has been gathered in, there are many nooks and corners and unsuspected bypaths in which there may be found some gleanings worth gathering. And for these reasons my paper will have in it little method or order ; it will be but a hotchpot or *farrago*.

Something must be said about the early notices of the flower and its geographical limits ; but on both these points a very little will be sufficient. It is a matter of surprise to many that there is scarcely any notice of the rose in the Bible. The word exists in our English translation, but it is quite certain that the translation is not correct, except in the translations from the Greek in the books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom ; but in the two passages from the Song of Songs and Isaiah—the ‘rose of Sharon’ and ‘blossom as the rose’—the Hebrew clearly points to a bulbous plant, and the general opinion is that the plant meant is the *Narcissus Tazetta*. This is

the more remarkable because there is no reason for supposing that the Jews were different from all other Eastern nations in their admiration of the rose. And there are many wild roses in Palestine, some of which grow in great abundance; Sir Joseph Hooker found and described seven species; and our common cabbage and damask roses are cultivated everywhere. In Egypt no representative of the rose has been found on any of the monuments before the time of the Ptolemies; and Dr. Bonavia has no record of it in his '*Flora of the Assyrian Monuments*,' though we know from Herodotus that the Babylonians carried sceptres ornamented with an apple, or rose, or lily. When we come to the Greek writers we are astonished at the absence of allusions to the rose. In the Homeric writings we only meet with a notice of it as a colour adjective, 'the rosy-fingered morn,' or as used in ointments. Theophrastus, of course, gives a short botanical account of it. And it is the common custom with all writers on the rose to say that it was celebrated by Anacreon and Sappho, especially Sappho. Anacreon speaks of it with real admiration, but chiefly in connection with the worship of Aphrodite; but there can scarcely be said to be any notice of the flower in the fragments of Sappho's poems that have come down to us, and it is one of the curiosities of literature how she has come to be reckoned as the chief poetess of the rose. There is good evidence that she was very fond of roses, but it does not appear from her writings. She uses rose-like as an epithet for a girl's arms, and just mentions Pierian roses—and that is all. How the mistake arose in English literature, and how it has been copied by one author after another, is told in a good article on '*Ancient Roses*' by the Rev. G. E. Jeans, of Shorwell, in the '*Quarterly Review*' for 1895. It is very much the same with Latin writers until the time of the Emperors. Then we have Horace, Vergil, Ovid, and more especially Martial, speaking in terms of admiration of the rose; but it is nearly always connected in their minds with scenes of dissipation and revelry; and in no case do we find anything in their writings that approaches to the loving admiration, or the almost passionate affection, that we find in all the mediæval and modern authors, not only of England, but of France, Italy, Germany, and, indeed, of all parts of the civilised world.

To us it is a very interesting question what roses our forefathers had in mediæval times, say from the end of the thirteenth century. We have in England seven good species of native roses; and the introduction of damask roses into England in the reign of Henry VII.



has been recorded by more than one writer. Writers on English gardens have too readily admitted that until the arrival of the damask rose no exotic rose could be found in cultivation, which, of course, can only mean that before that time none but English roses were to be seen. But a very little experience in English literature would show that such could not have been the case. I think it impossible to give to any of our native roses, however beautiful and sweet, the passionate descriptions of the rose which we find in Gower, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. I cannot think that any of our native roses would be described as 'brode roses'—*i.e.* broad or large; or that their colour could be said to be

With colour reed, as welle fyned  
As nature couthe it make faire,

with 'the freysshe bothum (*i.e.* bud) so bright of hewe'; and there are many such passages. And as to the scent, of none of our British roses could it be said:

The swote smelle spronge so wide  
That it dide all the place aboute.

The question then comes, What were the roses that our forefathers grew and loved before the arrival of the damask rose? There are at least two well-known species which I am sure were in cultivation here at the end of the fifteenth century, and probably earlier. One is that universal favourite, the cabbage rose. It is the 'Provençal rose' of Shakespeare, more properly written Provence, or Provins; and the 'rose of Rhone' of Chaucer. Unlike the damask rose, there is no record of its introduction into England; and I think this by itself is a strong proof of its antiquity amongst us, and I suppose it to be the 'English red rose' described by Parkinson as amongst 'the most ancient,' rather variable in colour, but often of 'a red or deep crimson colour' and with a rich scent, so that when 'well dried and well kept it will hold both colour and scent longer than the damaske.' It is still a great favourite; but the true plant is very scarce, though it is found in most nursery-men's catalogues; but though the plants generally offered are very good varieties, the true plant is known by always having only one flower, and not a bunch of flowers, on a branch, the flower also being always nodding. The other old rose that must have been known long before Shakespeare's time is the York and Lancaster (*R. versicolor* of Parkinson); not the rose usually now so named, which is *R. mundi*, a fine rose and long established in English

gardens, but with coarse colouring and a rampant habit. The earlier rose is a compact bush with bunches of roses of different colours, some red, some white, some red and white ; or, as described by Shakespeare :

The roses fearfully in thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair,  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both ;

and he speaks of 'roses damasked red and white.' I am quite sure that in the account of the brawl in the Temple Gardens the red and white roses were intended to be growing on the same bush ; the passage will quite bear that interpretation. The whole scene is entirely of Shakespeare's imagination ; there is no other record of it ; and in spite of his grand contempt for correct chronology, I do not think he would put into a scene of the time of Henry VI. a rose of recent introduction ; and Chaucer speaks of 'floures partie white and red,' probably roses, and Spenser must surely have been thinking of this rose when he spoke of 'the red rose medled with the white one.'<sup>1</sup> Parkinson says that before the Wars of the Roses 'there was seene at Longleete a white rose tree to beare on the one side faire white roses, and on the other side red.' This must have been the same rose.

Very shortly after Shakespeare's death a grand rose came into English gardens, known as the yellow cabbage rose. It came from the East, and is still the finest of all double yellow roses ; but it is rather tender and is difficult to increase. Like the red cabbage rose, it does not hold its flowers upright ; they are always drooping, and never fully open, and so the scientific name for it is *R. hemispherica*. With these three fine exotic roses—and they had others, especially the musk rose—we may say that the gardens of our forefathers of three or four hundred years ago were by no means badly furnished with roses.

There are some points in the name and geography of the rose which are worth noting. The earliest European name for it is the Greek *rhodon* ; and almost all modern writers on it have followed Dr. Prior's lead, in his 'English Plant Names,' in saying that the same name, more or less changed, is to be found in all the different names which the plant now bears in different countries, and that they all have for their initial meaning the one word red. But

<sup>1</sup> For a further account of the York and Lancaster roses I may refer to my little book, *In a Vicarage Garden*, chap. xi., in which their history is more fully given.

Max Müller showed that this will not bear close inquiry, and that the root is to be found in an Aryan word signifying a flower or spray, thus marking it as *the* flower of the vegetable world, taking rank above all others. This high rank has been confirmed to it by the way in which so many plants, which are not roses at all, have yet taken the name to themselves, as giving them a place among the most beautiful flowers; such as the Christmas rose (*helleborus*), the Alpine rose (*rhododendron*), rose de Notre Dame (*pæonia*), water rose (*nymphaea*), the holly rose or sage rose (*cistus*), the Guelder rose, and others.

The geography of the rose is rather peculiar. As a wild plant it is found both in the Old and New Worlds, but with a limited range, being found chiefly between the twentieth and seventieth degrees of north latitude. Our little burnet rose is found as far north as Iceland; Hooker and Ball found our common dog-rose and the Ayrshire rose fairly abundant in Morocco; but the two most southern species are *R. Montezumæ* found by Humboldt in Mexico, and *R. sancta*, found sparingly in Abyssinia; both of these roses are found at high elevations, and neither of them is of much value from the gardening point of view. No wild roses have been found south of the Equator, but we should scarcely be surprised if one or more should be found in the high mountains of Central Africa.

I now come to some curiosities among roses, by which I mean peculiarities in certain species which are more or less abnormal. Among these curiosities I give the first place to one which, I think, deserves the first place, because it was noticed by so many of the old writers on roses. All rosarians know that the family of the roses has been arranged by botanists under several distinct groups, one of which, the group *Canineæ*, contains not only our dog-roses, which give the name to the group, but also the monthly, China rose, and others. They also know that all roses have five sepals and five petals. In the group *Canineæ* there is a peculiar arrangement of the sepals, which is found in a few roses of the other groups, but very sparingly and not quite constantly; in the *Canineæ* it is never absent. The arrangement is that of the five sepals two are always fringed by thin beards, two have no such fringes, and one has the fringe on one side only. This was noticed very early, and was recorded in these lines:

Quinque sumus fratres et eodem tempore nati;  
Sunt duo barbati, duo sunt barba absque creati;  
Unus et e quinque non est barbatus utrinque.

Of these lines there are many variants and many translations, from which I select this :

Five brothers we, all in one moment reared ;  
Two of us bearded, two without a beard ;  
Our fifth on one cheek only wears the beard.

I have not been able to trace this to its source ; and the oldest mention of it that I can find is in Fumarellus in 1557, in which he gives the lines, not as his own, but as a quotation. It is a pleasant puzzle to try and give a reason for this curious arrangement, and its origin ; but it is a puzzle that we cannot answer till we know more of the first surroundings and evolution of the rose, and these we probably never shall know. Sir Thomas Browne was attracted by it, and in his 'Garden of Cyrus' he seems to have made an attempt at an explanation, which is worth quoting :

Nothing is more admired than the five brethren of the rose and the strange disposure of the appendices, or beards, in the calycular leaves thereof. . . . For those two which are smooth and of no beard are contrived to lie undermost, as without prominent parts and fit to be smoothly covered ; the other two, which are beset with beards on either side, stand outside and uncovered ; but the fifth, or unbearded leaf, is covered on the bare side, but on the open side stands free and bearded like the other.

As a second curiosity among roses I take the green rose. I am bound to say that this rose meets with very little admiration ; the general verdict is, 'More curious than beautiful.' But I like the rose, and even admire it ; and to botanists it is extremely valuable, because it is one of the best proofs we have that all parts of a plant above the root are modifications of the same thing, and in the green rose every part may be called a leaf. It is a variety of the common China rose, and came to England about 1835, and is quite constant. It also gives a strong support to the view, held by many great botanists, that all flowers were originally green, and that the colours in flowers are analogous to the autumn tints of leaves ;<sup>1</sup> and in the green rose the flowers generally put on a reddish tint when they begin to fade. In this view the green rose, as we now have it, is a reversion to an older state of the rose, or, it may be, a continuance of an undeveloped rose. The late Sir James Paget made use of this view in suggesting 'an analogy between a

<sup>1</sup> The older naturalists knew nothing of this. Bacon says : 'The general colour of all plants is green, which is a colour no flower is of. There is a greenish primrose, but it is pale and scarce a green' (*Sylva Sylvarum*, 512).

green rose and a rickety child.'<sup>1</sup> His meaning is very clear, that 'both are examples of what are considered arrests of development. The roses do not attain the colour which we regard as characteristic of their most perfect condition; the animals do not attain the hardness of bone or the full size which we find in the best examples of their several races.'

Another great curiosity among roses is found in the Himalayan *R. sericea*. It is an essential character of all roses that they should have five petals; but this rose produces abundance of flowers, all with only four petals, with very few exceptions. It is impossible to account for this exception to the general rule; for though we may say that one petal is abortive, that is only explaining *ignotum per ignotius*.

One more curiosity may be mentioned. A few years ago there came from America a rose belonging to the *Polyantha* section, of which the peculiarity was that it would come into full flower three months after sowing. This is quite true; I have seen many flowers in June on plants of which the seed was sown in April. It is commonly called the annual rose, but it is a perennial, and has the quality of reproducing itself by self-sown seedlings, a very unusual thing in the rose family.

Many more curious or abnormal things among roses might be mentioned; but I must leave them for other points of interest. Roses have entered rather largely into place names and family names. Among place names, I suppose the most ancient is the Island of Rhodes, of which there is good evidence that the name came from the flower. The Rhone (*Rhodanus*) claims the same origin, but it is doubtful. France and Germany have many such names, as Rosières, Rosenberg, Rosendaal, Rosel, Rosello, Rosenheim, &c. Such names are abundant also in Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and from place names they have been adopted as family names.

If we can believe the records there seems to be no limit to the age or size of rose trees. The legend of the rose at Hildesheim, over which Louis le Débonnaire built the cathedral, is well known, and so is reputed to be 1,500 years old; but there can be little doubt that it has been constantly renewed by suckers. Joret gives an account of a gigantic rose at Worms, planted by a king's daughter on an island of the Rhine, which could shelter five hundred noble

<sup>1</sup> Address on Elemental Pathology at Cambridge, 1880. The quotation is from a letter to myself.

ladies at once ! Of course it is impossible, but he gives his authority for the statement ;<sup>1</sup> and another is recorded by Belmont, in the garden of Madame Reynen at Roosteren (Pays-Bas), under which she was in the habit of giving concerts, and in which forty musicians found shelter.

The scent of the rose has been from the earliest times one of its chief charms, but there is a great variety of rose scents. I should say that the typical scent is to be found in the cabbage rose ; but there are a variety of scents, ranging from the fine scents of the cabbage and tea roses to the evil scents of the Austrian Briar, which therefore got the name of *R. fœtida*, and of *R. Beggeriana*, both of which roses have the evil odour of bugs. But there are roses which descend to a lower depth still, having no scent at all ; for such is the character of many of the fine new hybrid roses. As a general rule, everyone likes the scent of the true roses ; but there are many curious exceptions. I have known people to whom the first scent of a rose was the signal for coming hay fever ; and there are many authentic records of people who were quite overpowered with the scent. Among these it is surprising to find Bacon ; yet Belmont reports that 'Bacon, le grand chancelier de l'Angleterre, entraînait en fureur quand il apercevait une de ces fleurs,' and this has been copied by many other writers.<sup>2</sup> But I cannot believe it. Bacon often speaks of the rose, and never in terms of dislike ; and in the 'Sylva Sylvarum' he gives a special account of the scent, which shows how closely he had observed it. He says : 'The daintiest smells of flowers are out of those plants whose leaves smell not ; as violets, roses, wallflowers, &c.' (No. 389). And I think he is the first English writer that records that 'roses come twice in the year.' And one great charm in the scent of roses is that it is permanent, not only in faded flowers, but also after corruption. The old writers loved to dwell on this ; Shakespeare's lines will suffice :

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

. . . Canker roses  
Die to themselves, sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.—*Sonnet 54.*

I am sure George Herbert was thinking of roses when he said :

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent ;  
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,  
And after death for cures.—*Poem on Life.*

<sup>1</sup> Thoret, *La Rose*, &c., p. 291.

<sup>2</sup> *Dictionnaire de la Rose*, p. 5.



Connected with the scent of the roses, there was a very common belief in the Middle Ages that the rose was improved both in scent and vigour by being planted amongst garlic; the explanation being that the garlic, in order to increase its evil smell, drew from the ground all that was bad, leaving all that was good for the rose; or, as described by Bacon, 'The ancients have set down that a rose set by garlick is sweeter; which likewise may be, because the more fetid juice of the earth goeth into the garlick, and the more odorate into the rose' ('Syl. Syl.' 481). The old emblem writers seized upon this to point the moral that a good man may not only keep his goodness in the midst of evil surroundings, but even profit by them. Camerarius, in his Book of Emblems (1605), has a pretty plate of a vigorous rose growing amongst garlic (No. 53), and quotes from Plutarch as to the truth of the statement. I believe the rose gardeners of Grasse and Bulgaria are very particular in keeping the bushes free from everything near them; and I am sure that the garlic is so liberal in imparting its evil scent to everything it touches that if a rose in flower touched any of the garlic or onion family the petals that were so touched would be tainted. This, however, was the firm belief in the Middle Ages; and they had other curious practices, handed down from the Roman writers. Thus they followed Pliny's advice to burn their rose trees every year, much in the same way that gorse and heather are now sometimes burnt, and if carefully done, so that the roots are not burnt, the result might be the production of young, vigorous roots; but even those rosarians who cut down their roses to the ground-level every year would now prefer the use of the knife. In the same way they tried to make roses flower early by the use of hot water poured round the roots. Palladius, among others, recommended it, and his work on Husbandry was translated into English verse in 1420, and was a sort of handbook of farming and gardening to the Englishmen of that date. And this was his advice:

With crafte eke roses erly riped are;  
Tweyne handbrede of aboute her rootes doo  
A delvyng make, and every day thereto  
Doo water warme.—St. 77.

For colour in roses we have red of all shades, white, and yellow. But we have no blue roses, and I am not anxious to see them. But Guillemeau, in 1800, gives a description of blue roses growing wild near Turin, but adds, *n'est pas très-commun*, and *ne jamais vu*. There is nothing impossible in such roses, though it is a common



belief that both blue and red flowers are never found in the same family. But there are abundant examples to the contrary; the pentstemons are a ready example, and our own British geraniums a still more ready one.

Considering the popularity of the rose, it is rather surprising that there is so very little folklore connected with the flower. The proverbial *sub rosa* connects it with secrecy, and so it is often seen carved on confessionals. In some parts of England and Scotland it is considered lucky to burn rose leaves; Gubernatis tells the legend of Satan's vain attempt to climb to heaven by means of the dog-rose, and that Judas hanged himself on one, so that the seeds are called *Judas-beeren*, and the whole plant is *sinistre et diabolique*; but I have found little beyond this.

And the rose has not very much of interest for the entomologist;<sup>1</sup> it is visited by very few large butterflies or moths, and the fertilisation is effected by beetles; so that it is rather curious that many of the old writers asserted that beetles had a great dislike to the rose; yet most of us are acquainted with the beautiful green rose beetle, which in some years is very abundant, but I have very seldom seen it of late years. But there is one piece of insect work on the rose always worth looking at, and formerly regarded with great veneration. This is the bedeguar, called in some parts by the pretty name of 'Robin redbreast's pincushions.' It is like a ball of moss, and is a gall produced by the little insect *Cynips rosæ*.

There is a large amount of literature connected with the rose. Of course, every writer on flowers was bound to mention it, but, as far as I know, the first book solely devoted to the rose is by a Spanish physician named Monardis. It was published at Antwerp in 1551, under the title of '*De rosa et partibus ejus*,' and though a small book, chiefly concerned with the medical qualities of the rose, it is well worth reading, for the writer was an enthusiastic admirer of the flower; so that he sums up its virtues in the words, '*Inter medicinas benedictas benedictissima merito nuncupari potest.*'<sup>2</sup> Since that time there has been an increasing production

<sup>1</sup> Keats, however, speaks of

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves—

but I am not aware that he was an entomologist.

<sup>2</sup> Monardis's name is preserved in gardens by the Oswego Tea, or Bergamot plant, *Monarda didyma*.

of books on the rose, so that in the 'Bibliografia de la Rosa,' by D. Mariano Vergara, published at Madrid in 1892, more than a thousand books are mentioned, and the number now is much larger. But in England the first book solely confined to the rose is Miss Lawrence's grand folio, 'A Collection of Roses from Nature,' 1780-1810, a beautiful book, now become rare and expensive. In 1819 appeared Dr. Lindley's 'Rosarum Monographia,' a perfect monograph of the family, which still holds the highest rank, but of which a new edition, brought up to date, is much to be desired.<sup>1</sup> It would be tedious to attempt to select the best books on roses from the large number now in existence; but no rosarian's library should be without 'Ros Rosarum,' by the Honourable Mrs. Boyle, and M. Joret's two books, 'La Rose dans l'Antiquité,' &c., and 'La Légende de la Rose.' The 'Ros Rosarum' is an excellent selection of the poetical notices of the rose from the earliest times and from all nations; while M. Thoret's books are full of curious points connected with the flower, also from the earliest times and from all civilised countries.

Want of space forbids my describing at any length the enormous increase in the species, hybrids, and varieties of the family which has taken place in European gardens during the last three hundred years. It will be sufficient to say that whereas in Shakespeare's day there were probably not more than forty or fifty that could be distinguished one from another, there are now grown in Monsieur Gravereau's garden at L'Hay, near Paris, nearly seven thousand, each with its different name; that was the number in 1902, and it increases every year. Yet the increase has not been uninterrupted; there was a time when the rose was almost discarded in European gardens for the tulip. Thomas Fuller, in 1663, puts this complaint into the mouth of the rose:

There is a flower, a Toolip, which hath engrafted the love and affection of most people into it. And what is the Toolip? A well-complexioned stink, an ill flavour wrapped up in pleasant colours. Yet this is that which filleth all gardens, hundreds of pounds being given for the root thereof, whilst I, the Rose, am neglected and contemned, and conceived beneath the honour of noble hands.

That has long been changed, and the increase in roses seems unlikely to receive another such check; though we are still a long

<sup>1</sup> It is an open secret that a book on the genus *Rosa* has been for some time in preparation, to be edited by Miss Willmott, F.L.S., with the assistance of Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S. When completed we have every reason to expect that it will be a complete and valuable history of the family. It will be published by Mr. Murray.

way from seeing the fulfilment of Mr. Rivers's prophecy, made more than fifty years ago, that 'the day will come when all our roses, even moss roses, will have evergreen foliage, brilliant and fragrant flowers, and the habit of blooming from June till November. This seems a distant view, but perseverance in gardening will yet achieve wonders.'

If I were to mention more curiosities connected with the rose I should make my paper unduly long. But one thing has always interested me, which I do not like to pass by altogether, and that is the different feelings about the rose that different nations have shown, and so far have shown something of their different characters. I may, perhaps, conclude by quoting what I have already written on this point, because I cannot put it shorter :

By the Greeks and Romans the rose was always connected with scenes of revelry and licentiousness ; French and English writers are entirely different. By French writers the rose is often made to teach the decay of beauty, but it is specially connected with female beauty. The French proverb says, 'Les dieux n'ont fait que deux choses parfaites ; la Femme et la Rose.' By English writers the lessons have a tone of sadness, and often almost of sternness. It is the thorns of the rose that seem most to have caught their attention. They love to point to the rose and its thorns as showing the treacherous character of all earthly pleasures ; but they love also to point to the thorns as forming only a part, and a necessary part, to perfect and protect the rich flower ; and so, while on one side the lesson is that no pleasure is without pain, *rosa inter spinas*, so on the other side there is the brighter lesson, that troubles lead to joy—*per spinas rosa, per tribulos cælum* (*In a Gloucestershire Garden*, p. 198).

## *A WERE-WOLF STORY.*

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE legend of the were-wolf has found expression in so many various forms, and appears in the folk-lore of such widely scattered peoples, that it seems to be one of the shapes into which the imagination of man, with a basis of problematic fact to stiffen it, naturally runs in the story-telling age of his history. The classical narrative of Romulus and Remus, perhaps, is its most familiar example, and from India it comes illuminated by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's genius in the tale of Mowgli. In another form of the legend, that found unquestioning faith in some ages and countries, man is supposed to assume nocturnally, analogously to the vampire legends, the aspect and nature of a wolf. It is in this form that it appears in the following story, which testifies to the currency of the legend among the Red Indians of the North American continent.

It would not do to tell the name of the river on which the incidents occurred, nor of the country through which it went, for that would be telling the tale, which appears to be substantially a true one, with dots on all the 'i's.' Enough to know that it was one of those great waters that flow westward from the Rockies and lose themselves, at the end, in the Pacific. At the point where this story begins to touch it, it flowed, with wide, placid surface, over a vast expanse of level plain, dull and uninteresting enough, with scarce a tree visible, far or near. In the eastern distance blue peaks, faintly discerned, showed the 'sierra'—the saw edge—of the mountains. A settlement, altogether unlovely, composed of unadorned wooden shanties, a big planked building, and a tall chimney vomiting wood smoke plenteously, was the feature that struck the stranger coming on the river at that point from the plain. Better acquaintance showed a wood jetty jutting into the river; beside it a little steam launch puffing with all steam up. On first sight one would deem it accident to have chanced on the settlement at the moment that the little launch was in full order of steam-puffing. Later one would learn that

this was the chronic state of life of the small launch. She spent her time moored to the jetty's stakes in this condition of perpetual impatience, save when she was now and then permitted to give it vent in sharp dashes into mid-current. Thence she returned with something dragging at her stern cable—something that the men on board her had lassoed, or moored, or in some manner secured with a skill and a ready profanity born of much practice—a pine-wood cask, which would be rolled up the incline of the jetty, and finally into the big planked building with smoky chimney. Immense letters painted along the riverward length of this building announced it to all passing up or down the river as the Columbian Salmon Cannery.

This was the explanation of the perpetual impatience of the little steam launch moored beside the jetty. She was waiting, always waiting, while look-out men, in relays, kept guard, watching for the arrival of the salmon casks that came rolling down the flood of the great river. Then, when the word was given, she went puffing and bustling out, and brought in the cask, with its freight of salmon, to be treated in the cannery. Here the fish were cut up, tinned, and soldered down, and thence they were sent off by cargo steamers that called from time to time to bear them down to the city at the great river's mouth, whence they would be despatched to the markets of America, England, and the world.

Obviously this settlement, for the canning purposes, was not the first link in the chain by which the salmon were communicated, as a commercial and edible article, to the universe; but for the present our business is with this, the second link.

In the little wooden office attached to the bigger planked building sat a man gazing out, through the window, on the wide expanse of the river that glided endlessly before him. His eyes were on the river, but their look conveyed the impression that his thoughts were elsewhere, far away, uninterested by the not too interesting scene that had grown sufficiently familiar to him. His face was not the face of a weak man, but it was the face of a beaten man, of a man with whom the battle of life had gone hardly and adversely, of a man who had been forced to acknowledge himself beaten, but knew how to take his beating, not smilingly, indeed, but with fortitude. He could still hold his head up and look his fellow man in the face, but not without effort.

'What are you thinking of, Jim?' said a voice, not unkindly, from the bigger desk, that was set at an angle to his own.

The man started at the words, and began to address himself with sudden zeal to the ledger before him.

'No, I did not mean that,' said the man at the other desk, smiling at the way in which his question had been taken; 'I was only meaning what I said. Tell us what you were thinking of. Your thoughts were far away.'

'Ay, far enough,' he replied sadly. 'I was thinking of—how it all happened. I can't make head or tail of it.'

The man to whom he spoke was the boss, the manager, of this canning business, and the 'it' to which the speaker referred as a matter well known to both of them was the trouble that had set the characteristic mark on his face and given him the aspect of a beaten man, looking drearily out of the window of the cannery office.

'There's no mistake about it,' he added despondently, 'Jo Wolff's got the best of me every time.'

The 'every time' of his speech was only an idiom; it did not imply that the said Jo, or Johann Wolff, a 'Dutchman,' as they called him in the language of the country, though really a German by nationality, had bested him often, only that he had bested him once, but that the once had been enough. It had been so far enough that it had changed the relative positions of himself and Wolff, so far enough that only a short three months ago Wolff had been sitting at the desk, gazing out of the office window, and he, Jim Sladen, had been in the post that the Dutchman now held, managing the salmon catchery—as they called it, to distinguish it from the cannery, the whole business being styled the fishery—higher up the river. It might not seem any great difference, but it was the difference between the post of manager of a comparatively small affair and the post of assistant-manager of a comparatively large one. Besides, it meant a step, even if a small one, in the matter of salary, downwards; and that is never a good direction for a man's feet. Lastly, but most distressingly, the manner in which he had been forced to take the step had been such as left his character for honour under a cloud.

The 'boss' of the cannery—he who now questioned Sladen about his vagrant thoughts—had been absent. Wolff, the assistant-manager, had been left in charge, and between him and Sladen, then managing the 'catchery' business, the accounts had somehow fallen into a mess. The system, no doubt, was bad and un-businesslike, for neither had the training of business men, and the whole thing had got 'fogged up,' as Sladen put it; he could

not explain the matter fully—neither could Wolff, fully; only the latter managed to explain it sufficiently to make it appear as if all the fault lay with Sladen, up the river; and seeing that things did not tally, the heads of the company, in Vancouver, took Sladen to blame for it. The manager at the cannery was his friend, and spoke up for him; otherwise he would not have been even here, gazing drearily out of the window, but would have been on the wide world, with a doubtful character to back him, seeking a living.

‘How was it you and Jo Wolff first fell out?’ the manager asked presently, for there had been bad blood between the two even before this little affair of the accounts.

‘About a girl,’ said Sladen vaguely.

‘Of course,’ replied the manager, with an air of much worldly wisdom.

Sladen did not show any inclination to be communicative on this head, so the manager went on:

‘There’s only one thing about it all that I’m glad of, but I suppose it’s not much consolation to you—I’m glad to have you here instead of that Jo Wolff. I never cared about the fellow.’

‘I dare say he’s not so bad,’ said Sladen, trying to speak charitably, ‘but somehow I cannot help thinking that he may have tried—may have done what he did—to try to put it on me.’

‘I know,’ the manager said sympathetically. ‘It’s bad for you.’

The two smoked awhile in silence.

‘I wonder how he gets on with the Redskins up there?’ the manager said at length; for most of the business was done by Indians at the catchery, so far as it was not purely mechanical.

‘Get on? He don’t get on, I believe. They don’t like him. Can’t get over his name. You know what queer devils these fellows are. Believe he turns into a wolf night-times. “Him wolf, night,” Bloodstone said to me once, when I asked him about the Dutchman. You know what quaint ideas these fellows have.’

‘I know,’ the boss said, nodding; for the were-wolf legend current among the Indians was familiar to him.

‘There’s no knowing what’s working in those fellows’ minds,’ Sladen said.

‘I suppose not.’

‘I doubt if they’ve got feelings, most of them. There’s only one I ever knew that seemed to have.’



'Who was that?'

'That Bloodstone fellow that's up there now.'

'Bloodstone! Oh, yes, I know him! You brought him there, did you not?'

'I brought him there, yes. That's to say, he came.'

'He came—yes; but with you.'

'With me, yes; he had nowhere else to go.'

'Why didn't he go back to his tribe?'

'His tribe? They wouldn't help him. They don't have no boards of guardians and poorhouses among a Kichichew tribe of Redskins.'

'I suppose not. And he was starving when you found him?'

'He was well-nigh starved. His shoulders stood up like the ends of clothes-pegs, and his face fell forward when I lifted him. I've seen Redskins—dead Redskins—that have been starved to death before, but I've never seen one that was so much starved, though he wasn't dead.'

'And what were you doing in his country—hunting?'

'No—except as a matter of business—for the pot. I was prospecting for gold in the Whitesand Valley. You wouldn't know it, I expect.'

'No, I don't. But you think Bloodstone was grateful?'

'I think so—yes. I think he would do me a good turn if he could. He never said so, of course, but when I went away—left the catchery, you know—he wanted to give me the greatest treasure he had in the world—a wampum thing—great medicine—a raw hide collar all worked in wampum and porcupine quill, really a wonderful thing. There are two other fellows of his tribe up at the catchery. I've seen them look at it in the queerest way. Evidently it's a valuable thing—in the way of medicine, I mean.'

'Why didn't you take it?'

'I didn't want the medicine, thank you—Redskin medicine. It was no use to me, and it meant all the world to him.'

The men smoked in silence again. Then Sladen returned to the subject:

'I don't like that wampum thing at all—that collar—it's a comic-looking thing. Somehow I feel as if it really has some sort of medicine about it—something uncanny-like.'

'Nonsense, man! Why, you're superstitious! Besides it can't affect you now, anyway. It's away up there, and you're—down here.'

'I know, I know. Yes, but I've got a feeling I'll see that collar again.'

'Superstition, pure superstition.'

'Yes, I expect it is; and yet it's not all superstition either. When I went away and wouldn't take it, the beggar, Bloodstone, said: "You shall have it, my father. I will send it." You know the way those fellows talk.'

'I know, yes, of course; but it's all rubbish, all the same. How can he send it, and what if he does? What does he mean by it?'

'I don't know what he meant, I'm sure, but I can't help thinking about it often.'

'He only wishes you good.'

'Yes, he does, but still—well, I can't help it.'

'You never were meant for a business man, Sladen; you're too fanciful.'

'I expect I am. I haven't made much of a success of the business career anyway,' he said, with some bitter humour. 'I wonder what they're doing up there—at the catchery.'

If Sladen had been able to see 'what they were doing up there' his wonder would not have been at all diminished. The up-river settlement, the catchery, was strikingly unlike the down-river settlement, the cannery. Here, where the river flowed wide and placid over level plains, the aspect of Nature was still, and not a little dreary, though the great volume of water, flowing steadily onward, had a grandeur of restrained force. But there, where the river narrowed and flowed over a steeper channel among the foothills, its force was exhibited under no restraint. Hills, swelling into mountains eastward, formed its landscape, with the dark, tall pine trees making a solemn shade and a thick roof overhead. In the midst of the great gloom the river itself came rushing, roaring, foaming, sparkling between the deep cliffs of grey-stone, through which it had worn its bed during the ages of its tumultuous life. Among the pines the small settlement stood, deeply embowered, smaller than the cannery establishment below, but as picturesque in itself and its surroundings as the latter was bare and ugly. Under the pines the smoke from the wigwams of the Indians and from the few plank huts crept up through the roofing trees, as it could find a way, with no heinous great chimney to guide it and to spoil the landscape. The huts and wigwams themselves were bright with the colours that the Indian folk affect,

colours that did not seem too garish under the mellowing shade. Beside these buildings was the apparatus of a two-hand sawmill, and the sheds where men constantly worked making casks that should roll down the river, with a freight of salmon, to be salvaged by the puffing little steam launch at the cannery below. Everywhere in the background, heaped in confusion, lay trunks of the great pines felled on the mountain-side and shot down the made incline till they came to a standstill on the level of the catchery. There some were sawed into planking for the casks, and some, tied together raft-wise, sent floating down the river to be consumed in the cannery below, and come forth, in the form of smoke, belching from the ugly chimney.

But most interesting and most striking feature of all was the great wheel, like the paddle-wheel of a big steamer, one-quarter in and three-quarters out of water, which the force of the stream kept in perpetual rotation. Each paddle was fitted with a great scoop, its sides inclined at such an angle that when it came to the top, in the revolution of the wheel, aught that it brought up from the rushing river was shot out, by the force of gravity, on an inclined shoot of wood that led down to a building beside the water's edge—the building where the casks stood, ever ready stacked.

And that which the great wheel brought up out of the river in its big scoops could be little else than salmon. Now and again a great snag, borne along by the river, would get caught, and there would be trouble, and need of much repairs. But these bodies were in no considerable proportion to the great silvery fish that the wheel kept lifting out and rolling up into the air, thence to be tilted into the wooden shoot, and so to go sliding down to the shed below, where stood men ready to deal them the death blow with a practised bludgeon, and stow them into the casks already half-packed with the rock salt that the mountains furnished. Then another packing of salt would be put upon them, and when the cask was full its head would be hammered on, it would be launched into the stream, and go whirling down, to be descried by the lookout man, who gave the word to the little steam launch. A few, no doubt, passing in the night, would go down the river and never be recovered, but long practice had taught the men the hours that the casks took, according to the height of the river, in floating down, and they timed it so that few came past the cannery after sundown.

All this varied industry went on, as a common rule, with the

regularity of clockwork, to the continual roar of the great cataract that broke a few hundred yards above the catchery. This catchery, with its great wheel, was no invention of the cunning native. It may be seen on many of the European rivers in full work—only it does not catch so many salmon, because in Europe the numbers of the fish are but as one to the hundred in the American rivers. Maybe the American fish are not of quite the same species, but they taste very similar—from a can.

At the moment that Sladen, far away down, was wondering 'what they were doing' above, there was a certain disturbance of the normal course of the industry. A few men were fitfully at work, for lack of other excitement, but many were away up the mountain-sides, calling loudly, firing rifles to attract attention, shouting 'Jo!' 'Wolff!' 'Mr. Wolff!' according to their condition in life, the colour of their skins, and the consequent degree of their familiarity with the man whose notice they were anxious to attract.

But to neither the familiar nor the ceremonial shoutings did the man called upon respond, nor fire again in answer to the signals that were fired to him. It was, indeed, unlikely that his response would take this form, for he had left his rifle, as was discovered, in his hut. But for that, his absence might have been explained. Given that fact, and the further certainty that he had borrowed no rifle from a member of the settlement, his absence grew in the last degree mysterious. Had he gone for a walk, and fallen from the mountain-side at a precipitous place, even then he might have answered, or the Redskins, well used to such enterprises, might have tracked him. But all likely and unlikely steep places of the mountain had been explored, without any chancing on his person or his trail; and, as a point of fact, people in that country do not 'go for a walk.' Mr. Wolff, besides, would have been the last man to do so.

So he was lost; and when a man was lost at the catchery there was but one reasonable way of losing him, and that was by the river, on which swift-sliding and often tremendous roaring force of water the Redskins looked down ominously, as if upbraiding it with the kidnapping of their 'boss' or their 'father,' and handled their medicine things with tremulous fingers. Only Bloodstone did not handle his medicine thing, with fingers tremulous or otherwise, for he had lost his collar adorned with the porcupine quills and the wampum. He sat rather apart, on a rock, with his two

friends of the 'Kichichew' tribe, as it pleased the white men there to call it, and looked at the river with a solemnity which seemed to have in it a tinge of satisfaction.

Such curious interruption, then, of the normal industry happened to be in process at the moment that Sladen expressed his wonder 'what they were doing,' Wolff at that time having been lost, as far as could be reckoned, the better part of four-and-twenty hours.

Not being given the boon of second sight, the manager of the cannery said, in answer to Sladen's wonder :

'Doing ? Same as usual, I expect.'

'I suppose so,' said Sladen, acquiescent. 'There's the launch out again,' he announced from his watch-post at the window. 'They're doing good business this year, anyhow.'

'Bonanza.'

Then there was silence awhile. Presently came a tap at the door.

'Come in.'

Two of the launch men appeared when the office door was opened.

'Something for you, Mr. Sladen,' they said, grinning.

'Something for me !'

'Come and see !'

It was not a long step to the door, and there Sladen saw a cask, inscribed in large letters with 'Mr. Sladen, Very Private.'

The letters were branded on, and showed strongly against the white pine of the cask.

'Let's see—what can it be ? Get a hammer.' But at the moment the call of the 'look-out' again sent the launch men flying to their work. Sladen had to fetch the hammer for himself.

'The thing says, "Very private,"' the manager remarked, as Sladen began to hammer vigorously at the cask head.

'Very private be darned !' he answered. 'I'm going to see what in thunder it all means.' 'Crash !' of the hammer. 'It's some blamed joke, I expect,' from Sladen. 'Crash !' again from the hammer, and 'Crack !' from the staved cask-head.

'It is giving !' said Sladen.

He edged the hammer in and levered out a split of wood. Then he looked into the cask.

'By thunder !'

'What is it ?' the manager asked.

'Look!' said Sladen.

The manager peered in, then started back. 'It's some great beast!'

'It is,' said Sladen, in a like voice. 'It's a wolf, and a big 'un.'  
'It's a wolf, sure.'

'And do you see what's round its neck?' Sladen asked in a fearful whisper.

'I do see something. I can't quite make out what it is.'

'I can. It's the wampum collar.'

When the two men had partly recovered from the surprise of their discovery the manager commented to Sladen on the significance of the legend branded on the cask-head.

'It says "very private,"' he observed. 'We'd better finish this job in the office.'

A few more prisings with the hammer forced off the cask's head, and presently they drew forth on the wood floor of the office the body of an immense wolf. The pelt was sodden with water, and a large blood-stained hole in the ribs indicated that it had been shot at very short range.

'It's only a Redskin can "still hunt" a wolf as close as that,' Sladen said significantly.

They began to discuss the aspects of the affair, but were quickly interrupted by a knocking. The manager answered the knock by going to the door, holding it ajar while a letter was handed in to him, and closing it again quickly. He broke the envelope and unfolded the paper.

After a first glance at the letter he swore gently under his breath, and when he had finished reading handed the letter to Sladen without a word. It described the loss of Johann Wolff at the up-river catchery, as told above.

'How did this come?' Sladen asked, after the two men had looked in each other's eyes a moment to see that each had the thought that was in the other's mind.

'One of the Redskins from the catchery, in a canoe.'

'Kichichew?'

'No, Fraser River Indian.'

'He wouldn't know anything of this, then,' Sladen said, with a nod of his head at the dead wolf on the floor.

'I suppose not.'

'It's Kichichew work, for sure—Bloodstone's work.'

'I suppose it is. Curious we should just be talking about it.'

'It's no good saying anything about this, I guess?' with another nod at the grim carcass.

'Better not, I should say. Can't bring Jo Wolff back to life again. It'll be dark in an hour; then we'll just tie a stone to this fellow's neck, instead of his handsome collar, and chuck him into the river.'

The significance of the evidences was fairly obvious. Wolff, the man, had died, whether by fair means or foul there was no certain mode of knowing, but probabilities made strongly for the latter alternative. Coincidentally it had happened to Bloodstone or some other of the Indians to shoot a wolf of unusual size, and immediately the idea had occurred to them that it was an incarnation of Wolff's spirit. According to an Indian's psychical notions it would seem quite a rational and natural idea to tie the wampum collar tightly round the neck of the wolf, probably before life was quite extinct, that both by its physical compression of the air passage and by its occult medicinal powers it should prevent the escape of the spirit; and, further, it would be quite in accord with Indian ideas of all that was graceful in the relations between man and man to send such an offering as this—the bestially incarnated soul of his enemy—to Jim Sladen, to whom Bloodstone owed a debt of special gratitude.

'You said you thought Bloodstone would do you a good turn if he had the chance,' the manager observed grimly.

'And this was his notion of doing me a good turn! Poor Jo Wolff! I'm sure I never wished him harm.'

'I'm sure you didn't.'

At the catchery it was concluded that the 'boss' was lost. 'fell into the river and drowned—no more heard of him' The self-constituted executors, who looked into his papers, found some evidence that his accounts were not precisely square, and the benefit of the doubt thus raised went so far in Sladen's favour with the heads of the company in Vancouver that he was reinstated forthwith in his old position, vacated by the loss of Wolff, as manager of the catchery up-river.

When he entered on his duties he looked about him among the *employés* for Bloodstone, but the Indian was gone, no one knew whither. After the manner of his folk he had vanished, without notice. A few months later an Indian, in whom Sladen believed that he recognised the features of his old friend of the wampum collar, appeared and asked to be taken on as a hand. But the



blue paint which had formerly streaked his face, and had earned him, with the streakings of native red, his sobriquet among the white men, had disappeared, and he took work under another name. The features of the Indians are so similar, to white men's eyes, that Sladen could never be certain whether he were the man. Once, to test him, he showed him the collar of wampum, but with true Indian impassivity the man gave no sign of recognising it. The very impassivity, however, seemed in itself suspicious, like a piece of too artistic art; for the thing was so renowned as 'medicine' among all Indians of the tribe that his lack of apparent emotion at its sight in a white man's keeping did not seem wholly natural.

'A Redskin, you see,' said the Oregon man who told the tale, 'a Redskin sometimes kin show gratitude some; only you can't always tell for sure what kinder shape his gratitude's gwine ter take.'

### *THE PUPILS' POINT OF VIEW.<sup>1</sup>*

RELATE, my Muse, the fame of him  
 Whose calling and peculiar mission  
 It was to wage with courage grim  
 A battle 'gainst effete Tradition!  
 When Movements moved, with holy zest  
 He scaled the breach and led the stormers,—  
 And was among the first and best  
 Of Educational Reformers.

He saw the boy at public schools  
 Regard his books with fear and loathing,  
 From Latin's arbitrary rules  
 Deriving practically nothing,—  
 He said, 'O bounding human boys,  
 Of all the fare whereon you fatten,  
 What chiefly mars your simple joys?'  
 With one accord they answered 'Latin!'

'Exactly so,' th' inquirer cried,  
 'This is the lore which cramps and stunts us;  
 Oh, how can pedagogues abide  
 A course that makes their pupils dunces?  
 Since with the rules of Latin Prose  
 They can't be brought to yield compliance,  
 This Fact conclusively it shows—  
 They've all a natural bent for Science!'

They sought for Scientific Truth,  
 And physicists with books and birches  
 Guided the faltering steps of youth  
 In biological researches:  
 Some principle of Science still  
 E'en out of School they did proceed on:  
 Where H<sub>2</sub>O's ran clear and chill  
 They'd pluck the shy Dicotyledon:

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1905, by A. D. Godley, in the United States of America.

'Twas all in vain—the human boy  
Remained unalterably chilly :  
Still less than Virgil's tale of Troy  
He liked compulsory bacilli !  
Much grieved the zealot was thereat :—  
'We'll try,' he said, 'a course of spelling' . . .  
But oh ! the way they hated that  
Quite overcomes my power of telling !

'There must be ways,' the good man said,  
'(Though hitherto perhaps we've missed 'em)  
Of putting things within the head :  
We've something wrong about the System :'  
And musing o'er the sacred flame  
Of Genius, and the cause that hid it,  
He unto this conclusion came—  
COMPULSION was the thing that did it.

'Within the boy's aspiring brain  
For Study still there lies a craving,  
And what is won against the grain  
Is never really worth the having :  
Our ancestors, misguided race,  
Could learn a thing because they'd got to,—  
We stand upon a surer base  
And Liberty's our only motto !'

And now those simple human boys,—  
All, to a boy, for Culture yearning,—  
No pedagogues with idle noise  
Impede upon the path of Learning :—  
Released from books and teachers both,  
No intellectual pastures feed 'em ;  
And, if they lose in mental growth,  
Think how they gain in Moral Freedom !

A. D. GODLEY.

## THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF GOODERE.<sup>1</sup>

THE Gooderes were a Herefordshire family. The first of them to emerge from the purely local importance of respectable country squires was Edward Goodere, of Burhope, who represented his county in the Parliament of 1709 and was made a baronet by Queen Anne. Rather more than twenty years before Sir Edward had married a Miss Dinely, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Dinely, Bart., of Charlton, in Worcestershire. This young lady was worth about £3,000 a year, and for that reason appeared to be an excellent match to the young Goodere, whose own estate brought him in an annual income of barely £1,000. Fearing lest the parents of the young lady should consider him an unsuitable husband for so comfortable an heiress, Edward Goodere at first addressed his suit to Miss Dinely without the knowledge of her father and mother, and it was only when he was sure of her affections that he dared openly to claim her hand. His discretion was rewarded. He secured the heiress as his wife, and the enjoyment of her fortune during her lifetime; but it was settled—and this is important in view of subsequent events—that on her death her fortune was to go to her eldest son. This settlement became effective by the birth of an heir, which was followed by the birth of two other sons, John, and Samuel born in 1687. As the boys grew to manhood the eldest was kept at home and educated in a way befitting his prospects, while John and Samuel were sent to sea. The first catastrophe occurring in the family, and the prelude to the bloody drama which destroyed the honour and fortunes of the house, was the untimely death of the eldest son. An amiable and accomplished youth of happy promise, he was killed in a duel in Ireland, whereupon John, the second son, was recalled from his ship, the *Diamond* (1708), to take over the responsibilities of heirship.

<sup>1</sup> The materials for this tragic chapter in the history of a family are to be found in vol. xvii. of Howell's *State Trials* and in a few contemporary pamphlets dealing with the case which are referred to in the catalogue of the British Museum Library under the heading 'Goodere.' One of these pamphlets is the work of Samuel Foote, the celebrated comedian, who through his mother was nephew to the two brothers whose story is here told.

In the meantime the youngest, Samuel, had remained at sea, and served as a lieutenant in the Navy throughout the war of the Spanish Succession. As an officer he showed himself valorous and insubordinate; though report spoke of him as acting with great bravery at Ferrol and St. Sebastian he was convicted by a court-martial, on December 24, 1719, of having been 'very much wanting in the performance of his duty' in the latter engagement, and dismissed his ship. After this he returned home; and the next twenty years witnessed the growth and development of the feud between the two brothers which united them finally in violent death, and left to a poor eccentric the pitiful task of ringing down the curtain on the tragedy of the Gooderes with the sorrowful farce of the half-witted Knight of Windsor.

When Samuel, in consequence of the court-martial on his conduct at St. Sebastian, retired temporarily from the Navy he found elements of discord already present in his family. John, since his return home on his elder brother's death, had not succeeded in hitting it off with his father. His short experience as a sailor had roughened a character already marked by an unpleasing eccentricity, the first sign of that degeneracy in the family wits which reached a climax in the mad offspring of his brother. Sir Edward declared John fitter to be a boatswain than a baronet; consequently it was not difficult for Samuel, when he returned from sea, to win not only his father's confidence and support but the general good opinion of the neighbouring gentry, who were quick to compare his attractive manners with the stubborn uncouthness of his elder brother. John rejected all his father's attempts to make him a gentleman; Samuel charmed all by his candour and good-nature, and acquired a delightful reputation for being 'as gallant a young fellow as any in the Navy.' Certainly there were those who hinted that Samuel, with all his good-humour, was a man of violent and unscrupulous temper, and stories were told of how, as a boy, he had robbed his father's house and clapped a pistol to his mother's breast, while on another occasion he had threatened to put a brace of bullets through his father's heart if he did not supply him immediately with money to gratify his extravagant habits. The friends of John declared the elder to be a sane, upright, conscientious man and Samuel a mischievous and daring rascal, whilst the friends of Samuel protested that the younger was the upright, dutiful, and charming son, John a cruel, grasping, irresponsible boor. The sequel would seem to show that

John was the madder and more honest of the two, Samuel the saner and unquestionably the more dangerous; both in a like degree passionate, vindictive, avaricious, and rather more indifferent towards each other than brothers usually are.

The hostility of these two brothers was no private thing, one of those painfully stifled disagreements that only break out in the domestic circle. It sought public expression, and found it in a contest between them for a neighbouring mayoralty. The brothers were rival candidates, and each chose to consider himself elected. Accordingly on the Sunday after the election John and Samuel in civic robes, and with accompanying trains, raced to church in their official capacities. John arrived first, and took his place in the mayor's seat of honour. Samuel hurried after him and, having more resolute attendants, turned out his elder brother. In a Parliamentary election Samuel, by siding against the family candidate, procured his reinstatement in the Navy, and was posted to the ship *Antelope* for a fortnight with a view to obtaining promotion in rank. Such were the preliminaries in a struggle which family affairs soon hastened to a desperate conclusion.

The brothers had married—John a Miss Lawford, a Bristol heiress, who brought him £10,000 and bore him a son; Samuel a Miss Watts, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. Both these marriages were more or less unfortunate in their results. John disagreed with his wife for the same reason that he had disagreed with his father, his inability to behave like a gentleman; Samuel's two sons were weak-headed in varying degree. Sir Edward would seem to have attempted to reconcile some measure of impartiality in his sons' disputes with a decided leaning towards Samuel, but on the death of Lady Goodere the family greed of gold estranged him completely from the cause of John. According to his marriage settlement Lady Goodere's separate property went on her death to her eldest son, and Sir Edward now found his income diminished by some £3,000. Certainly John allowed his father to retain the estate of Henley, in Worcestershire, to the value of £500 a year, but even this concession failed to reconcile Sir Edward to the inevitable; Samuel was always at his side to remind him of his diminished income and his enforced dependence on the parsimonious John.

Jacob-like, the younger brother now set himself to supplant the elder in the inheritance of Burhope, the family property in Herefordshire, which it lay with Sir Edward to dispose of at his

death. When that event occurred, in 1739, the will of the late baronet showed that he had made an attempt to heal the now flagrant enmity of his sons by a not unfair compromise. To John, who was already well provided for, he left the enjoyment of the Burhope estate during his lifetime, with remainder to Samuel and his heirs. But, however well meant, this attempt to heal the family jars was a complete failure. Each of the brothers desired all for himself and nothing for the other. John accused his father of ingratitude in so poorly repaying his kindness in allowing him the use of the Henley property during his lifetime; Samuel was merely disappointed and enraged that Sir Edward's obvious preference for him in his latter days had received such inadequate expression in his will. John showed his sense of injury by giving his father a cheap and unworthy funeral, much to Samuel's horror; Samuel displayed his loss of self-control by hurrying down to Burhope with six ruffians, and flourishing in his brother's face a lease which he said Sir Edward had granted him before his death; he was only prevented from further acts of violence by Sir John running upstairs and taking refuge behind a blunderbuss.

In a family composed of such warring and discordant elements, in which envy, greed, and the beginnings of mental alienation are teased into mischievous activity by the manifold vexations of succession and inheritance, one cause of quarrel follows with startling rapidity on the heels of another. Sir John's eccentricity of character had not been without its effect on his married life; he treated his son with unaccountable neglect, and did everything to provoke his wife to seek consolation for her trying situation in the arms of another. Whether she had actually done so is uncertain; in any case Sir John accused her of misconduct with a neighbouring baronet, Sir Robert Jason, and by the suborned evidence of servants and tenants, if the partisans of the lady are to be believed, obtained £500 damages against the defendant. This victory Sir John followed up by indicting Lady Goodere in the King's Bench for conspiring against his life, and she was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. In the light of subsequent events one is inclined to ask whether this last charge of conspiracy to murder was merely the fabrication of a vindictive eccentric supported by the evidence of hirelings, or should be regarded as the actual outcome of the evil influence of Samuel, who had espoused Lady Goodere's cause and was now perhaps endeavouring to execute with her assistance the murderous design which he after-



wards carried out on his own account. Samuel had undoubtedly intervened in his brother's marital affairs, and from the nature of things taken the wife's part. But it is distinctly in favour of the lady's innocence that, when Sir John followed up his two previous actions by applying to the House of Lords for a divorce, the Lords, notwithstanding the judgment in the Common Pleas and the sentence of the King's Bench, refused to grant it. Sir John had moreover shown a distinctly vindictive spirit by suing for his divorce while his wife was still undergoing her sentence of imprisonment, and it was only through the efforts of her friends, chief among them Samuel, that she was enabled successfully to resist his suit. These facts would suggest that Lady Goodere was really suffering some sort of persecution at the hands of her peculiar husband, and that, whatever Captain Samuel's motives, he was in this instance on the side of justice.

But a circumstance befell at this time that wrought so dismal a consequence in the soul of Captain Samuel Goodere that all other causes of quarrel, secret grudges, and open hatreds paled their ineffectual fire before the flame of this new mortification. As the death of a son and heir had first brought the two brothers face to face, and made them hate each other with a deadly hate, so the death of another son and heir removed the last human being that could stand between the house of Goodere and the 'Newgate Calendar.' Sir John's only son, neglected all his life by his singular father, who had apprenticed him to a saddler, and spoilt by his easy mother, not unnaturally wrecked his youth in dissipation, with the result that he died in miserable circumstances in the year 1740. His father showed his sense of his affliction by himself driving to the grave the hearse that contained the last remains of his posterity. Drive on, anomalous baronet! tumble young hopeful into his grave! but have a care lest your own hearse journey be not so very far away in point of time, and Brother Samuel's too. Such a nodding of plumes as there will be on the road from Bristol to Hereford before many months are past. Bristol is now a city of some interest to the Goodere family, for about November 1740 Captain Samuel Goodere, R.N., is gazetted to his Majesty's ship *Ruby*, lying in the King's road of that city.

Only son and heir of Sir John Dinely Goodere, Bart., dead, the Dinely property in Worcestershire, left to Sir John by his mother, should pass, on his death, to Captain Samuel as next remainderman under the settlement, saving always the right of the said Sir

John to cut off the entail. This right Sir John, towards the end of the year 1740, suddenly announced his intention of exercising in favour of his sister, Mrs. Foote, of Bristol, mother of Samuel Foote, comedian that is to be. In the heart of a turbulent sea captain, trained in what was then one of the finest schools for breeding ruffians from gentlemen that the world has ever seen, this latest manœuvre of a hated brother stirred a vehement desire for a final settlement of all points at issue by piratical expedients. The spirit of Cain entered into the soul of Captain Samuel : his hand is on his cutlass ; he clears his decks for action.

Now my anger's up,  
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,  
And with one general cry howling for mercy,  
Shall not redeem thee.

Captain Samuel withdraws himself to his good ship *Ruby* at Bristol. Sir John, full of infirmities, has gone to Bath to take the waters. These are the respective situations of these two elderly gentlemen in the new year of 1741. The Captain is now fifty-three years old, the baronet nearing sixty, gentlemen of ripe age to be about repeating the story of the first murder.

Mr. Jarrit Smith was a Bristol solicitor, and in that capacity had acted at different times for Sir John Goodere. The baronet trusted Mr. Smith and relied on his judgment in his business affairs. It was, therefore, quite natural that Captain Goodere should confide to Mr. Smith a desire that he alleged had sprung up in his heart to be reconciled with his elder brother. This friendly spirit had come over the Captain towards the end of 1740, and early in the following year Mr. Smith communicated it to his client. After some demur Sir John allowed Mr. Smith to persuade him to a meeting with his brother the next time he should come to Bristol. He was then staying at Bath, as 'his heart was bad' and he was very deaf ; he had been assured that the Bath waters would mend his troubles. Tuesday, January 13, was the day finally fixed on for the meeting ; Sir John was to come to Mr. Smith's house on College Green at nine o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Smith warned the penitent Captain to be there in good time, as his brother was a man of exact punctuality.

Mr. Smith's warning was evidently not lost on Captain Goodere, who took rather extraordinary steps in order to be up to time. Opposite Mr. Smith's house on College Green stood the White Hart alehouse, kept by one Hobbs. On the first floor of the ale-

house was a little closet where gentlemen were accustomed to sit and look out of the window while drinking. This window commanded a view of Mr. Smith's house. What more natural than that Captain Goodere, anxious to fall in with Sir John's punctual habits, should hire this room for Tuesday morning, so that he could come on shore, take an early breakfast, and await from the window his brother's coming? But it was, perhaps, a little excessive on the Captain's part to expect that this scrupulous interest in his brother's approach should be shared by Matthew Mahony, an Irish sailor on his own ship, and half a dozen ill-behaved ruffians from a privateersman then lying off Bristol. Be that as it may, the Captain did elect to entertain such dubious persons on Tuesday morning, January 13, at the White Hart alehouse, while he himself breakfasted off coffee and toast in the closet over the porch, looking out for his brother. Punctual to the hour Sir John rode up to Mr. Smith's, followed by a mounted servant, and went into the solicitor's office. He only stayed a few moments and then rode off, saying he would be in Bristol again the following Sunday, and that he had no time to see his brother then. But his brother had seen him and thought him 'looking better than he used to do,' so he told Mr. Smith. He had also pointed out Sir John to Mahony and his companions, and Mahony was so much interested in the personality of the worthy baronet that he had followed him a mile or two at some speed, returning sweating to the alehouse in about an hour and a half. 'Look well at him, but don't touch him,' the Captain had said to Mahony when he started; for the Captain had observed that the baronet was riding with pistols in front of him and a mounted servant at his back. On his return to the White Hart Mahony treated himself to some ale at the Captain's expense, and ordered the Captain's room to be ready, dusted, and a fire lighted over against the next Saturday.

The Captain in the meantime was determined not to be frustrated in his brotherly approaches. He continued full of compliment to good Mr. Smith, and was delighted when that gentleman informed him that Sir John was to be with him again the next Sunday, the 18th, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Smith showed him a letter from his brother to that effect, and the Captain remarked on the improvement in the baronet's handwriting; in Mr. Smith's opinion all things promised well for an amicable settlement.

About three o'clock on the Sunday Mahony, in a short jacket,

trousers, and a leather cap, came into the White Hart and sat down to drink ale with a scabby-faced man from the *Vernon* privateer; they were soon joined by two other men, more or less ill-favoured, likewise from the *Vernon* privateer. These shady persons had just seen an old gentleman in black, with a scarlet cloak and broad-brimmed hat, alight from horseback and go into Mr. Jarrit Smith's house, opposite. He was wearing a black velvet cap over his ears, to keep them warm, as he suffered from deafness. They had recognised him as Sir John Goodere, Bart., and this time they had observed that he was without pistols and mounted servant. He had been followed into Mr. Smith's house by Captain Goodere, wearing a dark shag coat with yellow buttons and a gold-trimmed waistcoat, and carrying sword and cane. Mahony and friends were now passing the time noisily over their ale until these two brothers should come out of Mr. Jarrit Smith's house. From College Green there is a way leading down to the river, which runs by St. Augustine's Bank and the lime-kilns in the brickyard. Here Captain Goodere has ordered the barge of the *Ruby* man-of-war to be moored by three o'clock, and he is to be waited for, as he is bringing some one on board with him that evening.

Until almost the last moment Mr. Smith had every reason to be satisfied with the interview he had arranged between the brothers. True nothing very definite had taken place in the way of a compromise; but the good feeling, nay, the affection of Captain Samuel had been so evident, Sir John so cordial and obliging, that the attorney may well have hoped for a speedy and complete adjustment of their differences. No sooner had the Captain entered the room in which Sir John and Mr. Smith were talking together than he went straight up to his brother, and, with all the affection in the world, kissed him heartily. Mr. Smith made them sit down by the fire, one on each side of him, and they drank to each other, Sir John in water, being forbidden anything else, Samuel in a bumper of wine. For some three-quarters of an hour the two brothers sat opposite to each other, chatting in a friendly way. The Captain spoke of the family estate in Herefordshire, and how good the land was. At length Sir John rose up and said, 'Brother, I wish you well,' and, after arranging to be with Mr. Smith again at half-past eight the following morning, went out. Mr. Smith was brimming over with joy at the happy result of the interview, and with pardonable self-importance turned to the Captain. 'I think,' he said, 'I have done great things for you.' But, to his intense

surprise, the Captain abruptly replied, 'By God, it will not do!' and ran very nimbly out of the house after his brother. Mr. Smith followed him to the door, and as the two brothers turned by the wall of St. Augustine's Church he saw some sailors come out of the White Hart alehouse, one with a bottle in his hand. The Captain exchanged a hurried word with them, and they all disappeared out of sight. Mr. Smith would have followed them, but he had promised to fetch his wife from a neighbour's house. 'Some people think,' he said on a subsequent occasion, 'it was well I did not'—a very justifiable surmise.

This Sunday, January 18, between four and five o'clock, loiterers about Mr. Thompson's dock by the lime-kilns, where Captain Goodere's barge was moored, were treated to an unusual spectacle. They saw a man with his clothes ruffled and shoved up to his arm-pits being pushed along by some five or six sailors, who threatened in loud tones death and damnation to any who interfered with their proceedings. The huddled figure in their midst, they said, was a midshipman who had committed a murder and was being taken to be tried on board his ship. But the 'midshipman's' clothes got settled down after a while, and a carpenter's wife thought she recognised the face of Sir John Goodere, for whom her husband had once mended a chair. She was right; it was indeed Sir John, and as they drove him on, he struggled and called out his name, and said they were going to murder him. But no one heeded his cries. The proceeding acquired respectability from a gentleman in a shag coat and gold-trimmed waistcoat, who, with cane poised in one hand and sword in the other, marched by the side of the ruffians and ordered their speed. Arrived at the water's edge, a plank was put out to the barge, and the murderous 'midshipman' pushed into the stern-sheet. But before the boat was well off from the water-side the 'midshipman' cried with a loud voice to those standing near, 'For God's sake, gentlemen, if any of you know Mr. Jarrit Smith in the College Green tell him my name is Sir John Dinely'——'Goodere,' he would have added, no doubt, had not the authoritative gentleman in the shag coat stuffed the flap of his coat into his mouth, exclaiming loud enough for those on land to hear, 'Haven't you given the rogues of lawyers money enough already? Do you want to give them more? I'll take care they shall never have any more of you; now I'll take care of you.'

The Captain's method of taking care of his brother was certainly

an original one. The fashion in which Sir John had been conveyed to the barge was, perhaps unavoidably, coercive. And the baronet was hardly reassured when the Captain, it being a bitterly cold night, pulled off his brother's red cloak and put it over his own shoulders. Sir John asked what 'the Captain was going to do with him.' 'I am going to carry you on board, to save you from ruin and from lying rotting in a jail,' was the reply. 'I know better things,' answered the elder; 'I believe you are going to murder me. You may as well throw me overboard and murder me here right as carry me on board ship and murder me.' 'No,' replied the younger, 'I am not going to do any such thing, but I would have you make your peace with God.' They said no more, for Sir John, deprived of his cloak, was soon numbed by the cold, and sat still, groaning in bodily distress.

It was between seven and eight at night when Captain Goodere, 'in a pleasant humour,' came on board the *Ruby*. He greeted his officers in happy fashion. 'How do you all do, gentlemen? Excuse me, gentlemen, from going the right way to-night, for I have brought an old mad fellow on board, and I must take care of him;' and the officers saw the object of his care come groaning up the side of the ship, a chilled old gentleman in a black cap, who 'looked much surprised, as a person used ill.' As soon as he had been got roughly on board the 'old mad fellow' was hauled down to the purser's cabin, which had been already cleaned out by the Captain's orders for the reception of a visitor. The visitor complained of a pain in his thigh, occasioned by his rude treatment, and the Captain offered him a dram, which he refused, nor would he allow his wet clothes to be shifted. Mahony, the Irishman, made to take them off, but he stopped him: 'Don't strip me, fellow, until I am dead.' He was searched, and a knife taken from him. He asked them to take care of it, for it had been his son's knife, and several times during that night he was heard to ask for this knife. Before leaving his charge the Captain sent for the ship's carpenter to put two bolts on the cabin door, and a sentinel, one Buchanan, was placed outside with a naked cutlass in his hand.

The 'madman' gave Sentry Buchanan little trouble in his watch. He groaned a good deal, and about eleven required some assistance. Mahony, the Irishman, went in to see after him. The old gentleman was still uneasy as to his fate. He asked Mahony if his brother had said he was mad. 'Formerly,' he said, 'I used to be so, but now I have not tasted wine these two years.'



He could not believe, he added, that the men who had attacked him that day were sailors, 'for, if so, they are sadly degenerated from what sailors were formerly; for I myself have been at sea, and might have been a commander.' Then for a space they talked together of the East Indies, until Mahony left him. And after that one that lay in an adjoining cabin, Jones, the ship's cooper, heard the gentleman pray to God to be his Comforter in his affliction; he said to himself that he knew he was to be murdered, and prayed that it might come to light by one means or another. But the cooper did not heed his words, thinking him to be a madman.

The poor 'madman' was right none the less. Though he knew it not, he had just talked amicably with his executioner. Mahony was now in the Captain's cabin, and the Captain busy preparing for his brother a truly grievous instance of the degeneracy of modern seamen. Shakespeare has immortalised in more than one of his plays the kind of interview that passed between Captain Goodere and the Irishman. The former did not waste words; Mahony, he said, must murder his brother, and that before four the next morning. Mahony objected; the Captain insisted. Mahony could not do it alone. Then he must do it with some one else. With whom? The Captain suggested one Elisha Cole, but Elisha had been drunk all day and was therefore not to be relied on. Then the Captain sent for Charles White, a very stout, lusty fellow, and produced a bottle of rum. He told White a madman had to be murdered. With the help of sundry drams and promises of reward Mahony and White were brought at last to the sticking point. But how was it to be done? The Captain produced a piece of half-inch rope about nine feet long, in which White made a noose. This round the neck and a handkerchief over the mouth ought, in the trusty hands of Mahony and White, to settle the madman for good and all; the Captain promised to keep guard outside, to prevent interruption.

About midnight Buchanan, the sentry, was sent for to the Captain's cabin. There he found the Captain and Mahony drinking rum. The Captain asked him how his brother was. Buchanan replied that he groaned a little. 'Ah!' said the Captain, 'I am coming down by-and-by to shift him with dry stockings;' and some time after, in pursuance of his kind intention, the Captain did accordingly come down to the cabin and, taking his cutlass from him, relieved Buchanan of any further sentry duty. All was now in order for the shifting of Sir John's stockings.



Jones, the ship's cooper, had fallen asleep after hearing the madman's prayers. It was the slop room in which he and his wife were sleeping; only a thin deal partition with a crack in it separated this apartment from the purser's cabin, so that what occurred in one room would be quite audible and partially visible to any person lying in the other. About two o'clock Mrs. Jones was awakened by hearing voices in the purser's cabin. Mahony was talking to the madman. The latter could not sleep. Mahony offered to take a letter for him to Bristol. Then she heard some one say to him, 'You must lie still and not speak a word for your life,' and then a sound as of a struggle. She waked her husband. 'Don't you hear the noise,' she whispered, 'that is made by the gentleman? I believe they are killing him.' Jones listened. What happened afterwards is best told in his own words. 'I then heard him (the gentleman) kick and cry out, "Here are twenty guineas: take it; don't murder me. Must I die? Must I die? Oh, my life!" and give several kecks with his throat, and then he was still. I got up in my bed; I saw a light glimmering in at the crack, and saw Mahony with a candle in his hand. The gentleman was lying on one side. Charles White was there, and he put out his hand to pull the gentleman upright. I heard Mahony cry out, "Damn ye, let us get his watch out." White laid hold of him, and went to tumbling him up to get out his money, and unbuttoned his breeches to get out his watch.' At last White got it out and gave it to his companion. The gold and silver he took out in like fashion from the dead man's pockets, Jones still peering through the partition. 'He (the gentleman again) lay in a very uneasy manner with one leg up; and when they moved him he still remained so, which gave me a suspicion that he was dead. White put his hand in another pocket, took out nothing but a piece of paper, and was going to read it. "Damn ye!" said Mahony, "don't stand to read it!"' And then Jones, the cooper, still watching, saw a person's hand on the throat of this gentleman, and heard the person say, 'Tis done, and well done.' 'It was a hand whiter than that of a common sailor. I have often seen Mahony's and White's hands, and I thought the hand was whiter than either of theirs.' That white hand is beyond a doubt the hand of Captain Samuel Goodere. He has been at the door all the time, naked cutlass in hand, waving back any whom chance brought at that hour near the purser's cabin. He has taken a candle from Buchanan and handed it into the cabin to illuminate the better what was

passing within. And now, somewhere about three o'clock, the stockings have been shifted, and Mahony and White will soon be on their way to Bristol in the Captain's own boat with a store of guineas and a gold watch. The Captain has locked the door of the purser's cabin and put Buchanan on duty there again, with orders to fetch him if the madman make any noise, a rather unlikely eventuality.

Jones, the cooper, and Mrs. Jones were not the only persons on board who had heard something of this proceeding in the purser's cabin. Mr. Dudgeon, the surgeon's mate, sleeping three yards off from the same cabin, had been similarly awakened, and had heard quite enough to satisfy him that some foul work was being done on the old madman. As soon as he heard the Captain lock the door of the purser's cabin and return to his own he got up stealthily and, groping in the dark, came across Mr. Heathorne, the watch. He could not see his features, but, recognising his voice, whispered, 'Mr. Heathorne, here hath been a hellish cabal to-night. I believe they have murdered the gentleman.' His suspicions were confirmed when Heathorne told him that the Captain had ordered the boat out to take some one on shore. Determined to know the worst, the two men crept down to the purser's cabin and questioned Buchanan, who was still on guard. In a short time they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, 'shaking and trembling,' the horror of the night still on them. They told their story, and it was agreed that it should be communicated without delay to the Lieutenant. But first they would satisfy themselves that the gentleman was really dead. In the wall of the steward's cabin, which divided it from the purser's, there was a scuttle. As they drew it a cat flew out in their faces—an unpleasant shock to these awe-stricken men, harrowed by the experiences of the night. Recovered from this surprise, they looked again and saw the gentleman lying on the bed in the posture Jones had described to them. About his neck a cloth was tied, and on the neck itself were marks of finger-nails; blood was oozing from his nose and mouth, all things pointing to a recent strangulation. The cooper prodded the body with a long stick, but there was no sign of life.

Mr. Dudgeon at once acquainted the Lieutenant with these facts, but it was agreed that no action should be taken till the morning. There was an evident reluctance on the part of the officers to accept the responsibility of laying hands on their captain. Apart from his rank he had always behaved to them in a 'very

genteel manner,' and it seemed to them very painful to be obliged now to seize him as a fratricide. The Lieutenant declined to prevent Mahony and White from leaving the ship, as they had the Captain's permission. He would wait till morning, to see if the gentleman were really dead, a fact which was hardly beyond doubt. At eight in the morning he still refused to proceed any further until he had seen whether or no the Captain sent down to the purser's cabin. When the Captain invited Mr. Dudgeon and the lieutenant to breakfast with him they accepted his invitation. Indeed, it is difficult to say what course they would have pursued had not the cooper, Jones, indignant at the crime of which he had been an accidental witness, declared his intention of writing to the Admiralty and the Mayor of Bristol if the Lieutenant still refused to arrest the murderer. Jones's determination proved effectual, and the Lieutenant took the necessary steps to secure his commander.

Accompanied by Jones and Buchanan, he knocked at the door of the Captain's cabin and asked him to come out and drink a glass of wine with him. The Captain, his suspicions aroused, declined the invitation. The Lieutenant opened the door and went in, followed by the two others. As they laid hold of Goodere he exclaimed, 'Hey! hey! what have I done?' and when they told him the reason of his arrest he added, 'What, if the villains have murdered my brother can I help it? I know nothing of it.' The same night Mahony and White were taken in Bristol.

Such is the story of the murder of Sir John Goodere, Bart., by his brother, Captain Samuel Goodere, of the *Ruby* man-of-war. Apart from the consanguinity of the two principal actors the crime is one fraught with circumstances of peculiar horror; the age of the victim, the cruelty of his treatment, his seizure by ruffians in the open streets of Bristol, his imprisonment in the dark cabin of the man-of-war, his six hours' agony, and finally his brutal assassination are in themselves sufficiently shocking occurrences. But in this instance the ordinary circumstances of violent crime are heightened by touches which would have been highly creditable to a writer of romance. Sir Leslie Stephen has written of the white hand seen by the ship's cooper through the crack in the partition;<sup>1</sup> and there are many other incidents hardly less ghastly which embellish that night of murder in the bowels of his Majesty's ship the *Ruby*.

<sup>1</sup> Essay on 'State Trials' in vol. iii. of *Hours in a Library*.

The trial of Captain Goodere and Matthew Mahony took place at Bristol, on March 26, before Serjeant Michael Foster, Recorder of that city, afterwards a distinguished judge of the Court of King's Bench. The story of the murder was recapitulated at length by the various witnesses, and its completeness left no hope of acquittal for the prisoners. Certain points of law raised by Captain Goodere's counsel were speedily overruled. The Captain himself attempted to meet the charge by calling evidence of his brother's insanity and his own respectability. In regard to the first point, though undoubtedly eccentric, the baronet seems to have been considered quite sane by those who knew him best. From what he himself said to Mahony on the night of the murder he would appear to have at one time rather aggravated his peculiar temper by drinking too much wine, but for two years before his death he had been a water-drinker. As to the Captain's other defence, it is immediately obvious that neighbourly kindness and punctual attendance at divine service—pleasant features in the Captain's disposition sworn to by his witnesses—cannot be considered as valid excuses for fratricide.

The Captain's conduct after sentence of death had been passed upon him was a strange mixture of penitence for his crime and a desire to avoid his punishment. He not only addressed repeated petitions to his friends to intercede for his life, but conspired with certain colliers to rescue him on the day of execution. At the same time he admitted that justice had most deservedly overtaken him, regretted that he had involved Mahony and White in a similar fate, and, when all hope of pardon was at an end, met his death with fortitude. He was executed with his two accomplices at eleven o'clock on the morning of April 20, and next day his body was carried in a hearse with six horses to Hereford, where it was buried along with that of his murdered brother and those of his honourable ancestors.

In 1809 a poor Knight of Windsor died at the advanced age of eighty. This poor Knight was the last survivor of the House of Goodere, Sir John Dinely Goodere, Bart., second son of Captain Samuel Goodere, who had been executed for fratricide in 1741. The death of his elder brother, Edward, had brought him the baronetcy. That eccentricity which had marked the proceedings of his immediate ancestors was developed to the point of mania in the poor Knight of Windsor. He had sold the family estates of

Burhope, and the charity of Lord North procured him his pension and residence at Windsor. There he was noted for his exaggerated frugality, his costume of the time of George II., in which he always appeared on important occasions, and the fantastic proposals of marriage which he delivered in printed form and with courtly gravity to any lady who attracted his attention. When twice or thrice a year he visited Vauxhall or the theatres he publicly announced the fact in the fashionable newspapers, and repeated his offers of marriage to any ladies who would take advantage of the advertisement to make the acquaintance of the odd old gentleman. At Windsor he lived by himself, and locked up his house when he went out. Unless the presence of royalty demanded the faded magnificence of the suit of the time of George II., he made his purchases in the town clad in a large cloak or roquelaure which concealed all but a pair of dirty silk stockings; a formidable umbrella and pattens completed his equipment. This strange, fantastic figure of a man represented the last chapter in the strange and bloody story of his House. At his death the title became extinct; but in the 'Newgate Calendar' and the 'Penny Magazine' the House of Goodere enjoys a celebrity beyond that to be acquired in the staid columns of the 'Extinct Baronetage.'

H. B. IRVING.

## A VOYAGE ON THE MOSEL.

THE contemplative traveller can find Arcadias wherever he goes, if he will avoid the highway of the tourist, diverging ever so little to right or left. Within hearing of the hooting Rhine steamers, and almost within sight of their smoke, lie valleys scarce known to Baedeker, and untrodden by the British traveller, inhabited by kindly peasants knowing no language but their own, who will entertain him with hospitality and goodwill. Each householder grows, presses, and takes to market his own yellow wine; every village has its little church and school and *Wirthshaus* by the riverside; no one is hot or hurried; there is no poverty or wealth; and if one did not know that disease and death are there to break hearts and fill graveyards with young and old, one might think the valley of the Mosel, like the Happy Valley of Abyssinia, exempt from human ills.

So at least it seemed to four travellers who hired a boat at Trier—better known by its French name of Trèves—on a Sunday evening late in August. The day had been chilly and showery; the Roman ruins were as uninspiring as the Crystal Palace, the ancient and imperial city was as dull and muddy as Birmingham; not even the presence of the military assembled there for autumn manoeuvres could enliven the old, forgotten, dreary streets. But the sky cleared, the Mosel ran green and swift and gay; there was a slight sense of adventure in exploring a new river in our own boat, and we went out from our inn full of hope, carrying our unpretentious luggage in our hands down to the Mosel-ufer, where we had engaged a boat a month ago, and found the people reasonable and everything ready. The boatman, his wife, and his daughter came down to the raft to see us off. But difficulties arose. 'Mein Sohn' had come home for his Sunday 'out,' and would not let us off so cheap. We must pay a deposit. Reasonable enough, but there had been no mention of it before, and we refused. Mein Sohn must go with us to steer the boat. There were rocks and rapids. Why not tell us so before? Mein Sohn should certainly not steer us. Then he should go before and pilot us. No; we would not be bothered with him. Wrath unloosed our tongues,



and we became surprisingly fluent and argumentative. Neither party would yield. At last we made an attempt to cast off, which was answered by a chain and padlock. British independence rebelled, and we jumped out of the boat, seized our luggage, and walked off with mutual discontent, expressed in injurious remarks, knowing no more than Abraham where we were going.

The Duke of Wellington advised a young politician always to know, when he had made up his mind to do a thing, what his next step was going to be. We did not act on this principle, for it had been impossible to foresee that our boatman would not carry out his obligation. But there were plenty of boats along the river, which presumably had owners, and these owners might be reasonable men. Of course, the boatmen might be a close corporation and inaccessible to reason; and I admit that if our friend had followed us and appealed to his fellow-craftsmen to keep us to our bargain it might have been awkward. We should have had to go to the British Consul, who is never at home on a Sunday, and from him to the county court. Delay in that case was certain, defeat possible. However, after ten minutes' wandering we found a boat and boatman, paid our deposit, made rather better terms than before, and rejoiced, like Christian and Hopeful, that we were out of our enemy's jurisdiction.

So we embarked under a bright evening sky, and the smooth stream took us swiftly down. It was a beautiful moment; the evening deepened over the green water and the red rocks, till dusk fell, and we ran the boat aground, hiding the oars in a willow-bed, and tramped with our luggage into Ruwer, the neighbouring village, having been assured that wherever we stopped we should find good lodging. And so it proved; not a village which failed to supply good food, decently cooked, excellent wine and golden beer, clean beds, moderate charges, and, best of all, willing and cheerful hospitality, such as one finds in Tyrol and the Bavarian highlands. There was not a dull reach from Trier to Coblenz. The scenery is not so impressive as that of the Danube or the famous windings of the Rhine—which now, alas! can hardly be seen for the black reek of snorting steamers, where the villages, 'whose far white walls along them shine,' have given place to the villas of successful tradesmen, the castles are 'restored,' and new castles built to shame the venerable ruins; where for every castle there are two or three factory chimneys, and there is no peace or romance left. Happy Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who saw the Rhine 'before



the flood.' But the hills of the Mosel Valley are beautiful in form and varied with rocks red as those of Devonshire, or grey slate in slabs and spires, or dark volcanic, like the Eifel. Everywhere there are beautiful woods, valleys guarded by ancient castles, and smiling upland meadows far away among the hills.

As we are embarked on the Mosel, let us first praise the water itself, to be in company with which was joy enough; in colour green, neither like emerald nor chrysoprase, nor like the crystal of the rushing Traun, or of the deep basin, the home of the soaring grayling, where the river leaps over the Traun fall; nor like the water that comes down at Locarno or Varallo; but a deeper, statelier colour, lighter than the Kyle between Mull and Argyll, darker than the Thames at Cookham when at its best after a dry July. In all the shallows wave long tresses of Undine's hair, and the surface of the water is broken by little ruffling eddies into the loveliest water-pattern. Perhaps other rivers are like this; I do not know them. It seemed to me a peculiar and native charm of this river, never sullen, never boisterous, the lady of German rivers. *Smooth-sliding* is the proper epithet. I wish my reed were vocal to praise her aright. She has her own poet—Ausonius; but his poem is rather a catalogue than a hymn of praise, and he takes her for a river, not a goddess, as she revealed herself to us. *O dea, certe!* There she dwells with her nymphs, sisters of the Rhine-maidens, Anacharis, Nymphæa, Echo, Melusina, Undine, Ranuncula, with the Nixes and Kobolds and the ghosts of the ancient Nibelungs. Dwarfs and Bergmänner blow the horns of Elfland from fantastic Elz and haunted Wolfsturm. We English have lost our own folklore, or we too should see gnomes and fairies and legendary kings in our old poetic hills and valleys, where we now find nothing between ourselves and impersonal 'Nature.'

Ruwer, the village where we were to spend the night, was shimmering between sunset and starlight, and had its own light besides, for the military were here, and all the windows ablaze, and Faust and Wagner and their loves had come out of Trier to take the air and drink beer, noisy but respectable. We hesitated at the door of a picturesque vine-clad inn, but it seemed wholly given to the soldiers, and we passed on—wrongly, I believe, for one should always sacrifice to the picturesque, and Dr. Syntax was so far a wise man. So ended our first day, in much contentment.

The next morning was the first of September, a dawn of golden haze telling of hot tramps over stubbles and turnip-fields. We were

cool and contented, and did not lust after partridges. We find our boat in the dewy willow-bed, and give ourselves to the stream. We have got used to the rustic oars, and it is no exertion to row with the swift current, which here and there breaks into a little rapid and makes the boat dance—on one occasion we shipped nearly half a pint of water. It is no good to describe what was enjoyed and is remembered; but here are the facts, though mere facts tell little. Red sandstone cliffs, alternating with grey slate; broad meadows of Alpine grass freckled with pink crocus; walnut and apple orchards; every yard of southern slope planted thick with vines; sober villages with dark roofs and spires; here and there a ruined castle; high 'faraways' of pasture and forest; cavalry and artillery flashing and rumbling as they march to the manœuvres along the riverside roads; slow waggons drawn by fox-coloured cows; on both banks the industrious train tinkling along from Trier to Coblenz, and Coblenz to Trier; and the delicious lazy feeling that all this busy life is part of our holiday. On and on we slide, stopping where we like, bathing when we like, till at evening we see a lofty rock at a bend of the river, and a party of ladies in a punt. Boldly we call out to ask if there is good lodging here, and gaily 'Ja freilich!' comes back the answer across the river, and we land and put up at a clean and friendly inn. The parents and two hard-featured and hospitable daughters welcome us; the whole family turn out of their rooms and turn us in, and we sup under the stars and the velvet sky in front of the wooded rock, which plunges straight into the river and gives its name, 'Echo,' to the inn. The stars were very grand that night, and the invocation of Echo unearthly as always; it was impossible not to believe here in Kühlebjorn and wood-spirits.

The next morning (Sedan-day) we were taken down to the bank by father, mother, and the two daughters, and find the little brother clearing out the boat. How much willingness and courtesy for so small a payment. We said good-bye to the friendly family, wishing them many guests and good weather for their wine, and dropped down to Mühlheim and Berncastel, famous for its 'Doctor,' the best wine on the Mosel, though much 'Doctor' is sold which did not grow at Berncastel, as there are not vines enough at Zeltinger to furnish half the Zeltinger drunk in England. But the name matters little if the wine is good. At Berncastel, or rather at Cues, on the opposite bank, there is a large modern hotel near an iron bridge; but there is also an ancient castle, and a con-

ventual building founded by Cardinal Cusanus in 1465, no longer occupied by monks. The library remains, dusty and uncared for, but catalogued. I made-believe to look at some of the MSS., but found nothing very rare or ancient. The priest-rector—who walked about among the books with a paraffin lamp—said his parish left him no time for the library. Perhaps some *Codex Cusanus* may yet turn up which will make up for four centuries of neglect. Meanwhile Berncastel prospers and rebuilds itself out of the profits of its wine, as yet unspoilt by trippers, though a steamer plies from Trier to Coblenz, and sleeps here on the way.

I wish I could convey something of the pleasure which the rare beauty of the green water and the continual variety of the landscape gave us; the strong rippling of the stream when the rowers, out of mere idleness, put on a spurt and the steerer enjoys his ease; the still backwaters among the rushes, where the current is guided by groynes into the mid-stream; the sun-smitten cliffs; the soft, green slopes and valleys, where cloud-shadows sleep. The new landscapes come gliding into view with a change at every bend; but all is harmony. We pass pious processions of country people with banners and 'Aves,' and the priest leading them. They seem tired but happy—country-people of the humblest kind, unreached by tourists. The trains tinkle to warn people of the crossings, the slow cow-wains creak along the roads, little boys shout injurious remarks to the 'Engeländer,' women kneel by the stream and wash linen, the fish leap in the shallows, the sun shines, and the day goes by. How good the remembrance of the walk over the hills, cutting off a long loop, while two of us took the boat round; for the Mosel bends round more than once almost in a circle, as at Durham and Château Gaillard, and you walk across through grasshopper pastures and steep vineyard paths, through cool dark woods and heathy summits looking far away, through quivering haze, towards Coblenz and Mainz. How good, too, the blazing sun in little Kinsheim, the *Mittagsessen* and reposeful hour under the tulip-tree in the hot shady garden at the back of the inn.

Another great loop to Alf, a little boy and his sister bringing the boat from picturesque Pünderich, their dwelling-place. Alf will be remembered, not for itself—for it is a tiresome little watering-place, crowded and hot, and noisy with voices of German trippers,—but for our excursion to Elz. We climbed out of the trench in which the river runs, and drove across a happy tableland of orchards,

roads bordered with fruit-trees, wide-spreading meadows, corn land and wood—peaceful German country sleeping in afternoon sunshine, mowing and reaping, planting and building, unchanged for a thousand years; then the road descended through shady woods, and, lo! at a turning ‘pricked with incredible pinnacles into heaven,’ with gables, roofs and turrets innumerable, a castle, but, oh, what a castle! Here lived the Sleeping Beauty; hither King Thrusheard brought his bride; such a building Hop-o’-my-Thumb descried from his tree-top. Up in that turret was the spinning-wheel; under that window twanged Blondel’s zither; from that gateway Sintram and the trusty Rolf spurred forward, and St. Hubert set out to chase the holy stag; and knights and ladies, with falcon on wrist or with crossbow and spear, went out a-hunting, or rode ‘a stately train in pomp of gold and jewels, velvet and vair’ to joust at Worms-upon-the-Rhine. Henceforward I have seen the German Zauberland; henceforward nothing can add to or take from this impression. My dream is come true.

We may go to the gate, but no farther. Count Elz and his family are here, alone with the Middle Ages. If we could blow the horn, and strike the shield, and demand admittance, a grey-haired seneschal, with gold chain and white staff, would lead us into the presence-chamber, adorned with stags’ horns, bears’ fells, and antique suits of mail. No such luck. The countly family look out from the bay-window, where they are drinking modern coffee, the lean tutor casts a glance at us as he walks out with his noble pupils, the grooms and gardeners scorn us; we are only tourists, and must be humble and wait outside. But we have seen the Zauberland.

The castle stands on an isolated rock with deep wooded ravines on all sides, to which no stranger may go. The saucy castle defied all its neighbours and vexed the lands of my lord archbishop the Elector of Trier, who, to curb its pride, built another castle over against it and called it ‘Trutz-Elz’ (‘Who cares for Elz?’). I don’t know the rest of the story, but there stands Elz as good as ever, possessed by the lords of that ilk, and Trutz-Elz is a ruin.

Our time is running out. We left Alf in a dawning of golden mist, and rowed merrily down to Ediger, with its picturesque church, all flying buttresses, pinnacles and crockets, like a church in a Dürer background, to Cochem, with its restored castle and a sense of modern prosperity which is better for the town than for the contemplative traveller. Another clean little hostelry at Treis, with

good wine and a cheery landlord. There is a river at Treis and a possibility of small trout if we take great trouble ; but we don't ; it is too hot to take trouble ; there is no water in the stream, and the fish are asleep. The river now makes up its devious mind to go straight for Coblenz in long reaches, with groynes on either bank. It comes on to rain ; we bump a rock and dance along a rapid. Then come commercial buildings with chimneys, reminding us that we live in the iron age. The stream widens, the rain pours down, the Roman bridge comes in sight. Coblenz *finis chartæque viæque*. May we go there again !

F. WARRE CORNISH.

## WATLEY'S WITNESS.

### I.

WATLEY was haled before a special sitting of the Dissby Bench. The matter was highway robbery with violence—no less. Overnight a well-known farmer named Tenbow had been waylaid driving home from Dissby Market—Dissby is a small country town in the South Midlands—and the local police laid hands on Watley—Watley was a grizzled tramp, and therefore a hardened reprobate. Farmer Tenbow (sometimes known as ‘Old Georgy Tenbow’) kept his bed over it, and Watley—on whom nothing was found, and who at first touch attempted a derisive innocence in a queer, shaky sort of way—Watley soon found something of a story to tell.

Watley had known Mr. Tenbow, of Saffron Hill Farm, forty years, he informed the Bench in the Town Hall. ‘I was acquainted with the family as a youth,’ he said, ‘when this present Mr. Tenbow was “young Mr. George” to everybody, and before my own unfortunate—’

‘Never mind that. You saw Mr. Tenbow yesterday?’

‘A gentleman I have always respected very highly,’ resumed Watley, bowing apologies. Watley had a stiff policeman on each side and three magistrates seated before him, so Watley did most of the courtesies going. Watley, indeed, besides choosing his words and regarding his aspirates, usually, when he spoke, inclined himself with engaging smiles and pleased rubbings of his hands—a man of address, Watley. In person he was very tall and shrivelled; he had tangled, nondescript hair and a week’s grey stubble on his chin; his dingy old coat shook upon him loosely, his frayed and patched trousers hung as though encasing long walking sticks, and his boots were well ventilated. ‘One of my oldest and most esteemed—’ he assured the Bench beamingly, ‘not, of course, forgetting the difference in our present positions, and very sorry, indeed, I was to learn—’

‘Now, now! You were the last person seen with Mr. Tenbow last night, and that was along the road between Dissby here and his own house. State what time—give your account.’

‘About eight o’clock,’ said Watley, less effusively. ‘Two

hours after dark, and a more nasty, lonely bit of road I've never driven.'

'Oh, you rode with him! And where were *you* going?'

'With Mr. Tenbow.'

'To his house with him? Now, think,' as Watley hesitated.

'Well, I was, and I wasn't, gentlemen. That was accordingly, and if something happened, for Mr. Tenbow is a man of his word.'

'What do you mean? Speak out.'

'I—I'd warned Mr. Tenbow,' said Watley, like one plunging. 'That made me there. I had a suspicion that somebody meant robbing him.' And having gone so far, Watley was compelled to go further. 'A whisper the day before,' he explained. 'In a—er—a house of resort, and quite strangers to me, on my dying— No, I couldn't see them; but there seemed to be two at least. It wasn't till I got to bed afterwards that it really struck me, for you often hear things. You see they didn't mention names, they referred to an—er—elderly gent—'

'No, no. Give the exact words you say you heard.'

'An old cock with a rough tongue and a tub on him,' saving your presence, gentlemen. "Drives an old pony in a four-wheel," they said, "home from Dissby every Thursday night all alone, with a skin full of whisky, and a gold watch and chain, and a pocket full of money to pay his men with on the Friday."'

The Bench accepted the description. 'And you informed Mr. Tenbow?'

'Not—er—verbatim,' said Watley. 'Mr. George Tenbow is a very peculiar man—not a man to offend—and I had to be very careful.'

'He knew you?'

'So he remarked,' said Watley demurely.

'Well, as you rode with him, you can tell us all about it.'

'But I'd left him, gentlemen. As I informed the police this morning—'

'Then he wasn't afraid?'

'Who?' said Watley, starting. 'Old Georgy! Never in his life, your honours. I was. And he chipped me, your honours.'

'Chipped you?'

'Chaffed me,' explained Watley; 'roasted me, gentlemen. Mr. Tenbow is always given that way, and he gets worse—especially in the way he chuckles while he's rubbing it into you. Last



night he kidded me because we were not interfered with after what I had told him, rasped me something cruel all the way—he'd been to market and stayed as usual—and you should have heard him when I kicked and got out.'

'Whereabouts was that?'

'Just at the bottom where the culvert runs under the road—against the trees. He said it would be *there*, if anywhere, and he *would* pull up—to give 'em a chance, he said. And *then* he went on! And even when I jumped out at last he sat calling round at me—everything! And after all he was stopped up the hill, not far from his own gate.'

'Oh, you know that?'

'Everybody knows that, gentlemen.'

'But you must have been quite close. Was there nobody along the road?'

'Not a soul to be seen.'

'And you heard nothing—on your oath?'

Watley wriggled. 'I did hear what I took to be Mr. Tenbow swearing and grunting,' he said slowly, 'but I wasn't going back. Just then I almost hoped he was being robbed for his obstinacy, and for his rounding on those that would have saved him. And I thought that if anything was happening and I got back soon enough, I should only get my head in the way of something hard, and I really wasn't equal to it, for I never felt worse. And then it struck me I'd left my stick in the pony chaise, and if worst was worst—for I had my fancies Mr. Tenbow being an old man—and I was handy, I might just drop in for being whipping-boy, for I'm always the unluckiest of men. So I rather made haste, gentlemen.'

'Rather,' the Bench agreed. The police evidence showed that Watley had put miles between.

'And I was out of sorts—nervous,' resumed Watley, shaking his head. 'I think, perhaps, it was the—er—the eating; for I'd been very fortunate in the day, and I am hardly accustomed'—Watley stroked his 'Little Mary' and sighed. 'I've never been quite myself since, and after all his kindness is it likely——?'

'Ingenious,' observed the Bench, after consultation. 'You are remanded pending inquiries.'

'But,' protested Watley, 'there's Mr. Tenbow himself. He'll say—if you'll allow me, gentlemen, Mr. Tenbow will clear me.'

'Mr. Tenbow is still unconscious from his injuries last night, and it is doubtful whether he will recover. If not, and on present

evidence, you lie under a very serious charge, and we should strongly advise you to make up your mind to tell the whole truth.'

Watley seemed staggered. He stood with his mouth gaping and working. When he spoke again he lacked his suavity. 'Ridiculous!' he ejaculated shrilly. 'I should like to say—like to see——' The Bench ordered his removal, and Watley lost his manners and his head.

'Lemme see Mr. Tenbow!' he shrieked. 'I will—I must! This is a put-up job! It's you!' he raved, rounding on the burly inspector who had put possessive hands upon him. 'Lemme be taken! I say, lemme——'

Watley was taken outside. He had struggled, raving his innocence and his wishes to see Mr Tenbow, and the inspector promptly showed his superiors how a prisoner should be handcuffed. Watley—a moment making as though he would wring his hands—descended the Town Hall steps guarded, and shaking his head, and looking at his feet, and stumbling.

Without the official van was drawn up, its door open. Watley stopped, shrank, stared away down where the long country street dreamed in the October sunshine; Watley glanced to the left—over the old red-brick Market Square; Watley turned again and gazed down the street intently, obliviously. The burly inspector clapped him on the shoulder, and Watley started convulsively, glared an instant, put his head down, and then that inspector grunted mightily from a terrific shock below the belt. Watley flew back like a spring uncoiled and another guardian bounced away, as though from a rattling charge at football. Then Watley was off down the street, running.

## II.

Watley always 'saw' Mr. Tenbow when he travelled that route, and the day before Watley had duly waited on Dissby Market Place and near the 'Crown' until Mr. Tenbow approached there alone, and then Watley got in the way and touched his cap several times.

'Morning, Mr. Tenbow,' he said, bending low, 'good morning to you, sir. I hope you have your health, sir?'

Mr. George Tenbow frowned. He was a big-bodied old man with a strong, shaven upper lip and massive features supported by a bushy iron-grey beard; he walked solidly, and as though he

carried weight physical and social ; he carried also a strong stick, and he put that stick down strongly.

'Ha ! Watley, you here again ?' he said sternly—his voice was deep, his utterance measured, and he stressed certain vowels compellingly. 'You still crawling and creeping through your miserable existence, you shifty old good-for-nothing ! hey ?'

'Yes, Mr. Tenbow,' said Watley, beaming. (Afterwards, if all went well, Watley would rehearse 'Old Georgy' with affectionate gusto.) 'Once again I have the pleasure, sir——'

'The same old game, you rascal !' said Mr. Tenbow, swelling in his swelling coat, and showing more of his grizzled hair from under the broad brim of his hat. 'Aren't you ashamed to show your false old face ? you thorough-paced waster !'

'Very pleased to see you looking so wonderfully well, sir,' said Watley, rubbing his hands. 'When I caught sight of you coming across the Square I said to myself—Is that really Mr. Tenbow ? You look positively younger, sir. May I hope that your respected household—— ?'

'Scamp !' said Mr. Tenbow, shaking his stick at Watley, and then clumping into the 'Crown' for his market dinner.

'When he's lined,' soliloquised Watley, looking after him almost admiringly—'when he's lined.' And Watley was there ready when Mr. Tenbow came out again a good hour later with a big cigar in his mouth and his large-hewn face smoothed somewhat.

'Still holding up the street corners, Watley,' he said, chuckling grimly and deep, 'still a gentleman of leisure, hey ? Now, what was it you promised me last time if I'd only, only, *only*—you rascal ? Didn't you say, and vow, and swear—r—— ?'

'I was merely hoping for a word with you, sir,' said Watley eagerly. 'It's extremely important, if you'll have the kindness, sir ?'

'Ha ! ha ! Watley, always some precious tale or other ! Don't I know your blank, smooth, wheedling, soft-soaping ways ? Private and particular, is it ? Delicate ! ha ! ha ! You feel some diffidence, do you ? Watley, you're improving. If I only had your face, and your indiarubber backbone, and your confounded, coaxing, double-greased, counter-jumper's tongue, they'd be worth a thousand a year to me. Word with me, hey ? I know what you want, you sly old fox ! Come in, Watley.' And Mr. Tenbow turned back into the 'Crown' hall.

'Give this man a good feed,' he thundered, 'and let him fill his pockets afterwards—a scamp that he is!—in the taproom, or the scullery, or the coal-hole—something hot and plenty of it, and precious little to drink,' he commanded the landlady, while Watley, in the rear, beamed and turned his cap in his hands. 'I remember his people, you know—he comes of a good stock—and he might have been a little king in his own castle—a God-forsaken rascal! A word with me, hey, Watley? Oh! you're old in wickedness—you'll never repent, you dog! Something unusual, is it? And you'll see me later. Ha! ha! Here's a shilling for yourself, Watley. Get your feet under the "Crown" table, you black—' Mr. Tenbow had clumped outside again, and, 'Knew his people—Comes of a good stock—See me later, ha! ha!' died away in a rumble.

It was dark when Watley saw Mr. Tenbow 'later.' Mr. Tenbow was in his pony-chaise with Dissby behind him, and Mr. Tenbow was frankly surprised and understood slowly. 'You?' he said, pulling up, for Watley trotted alongside, gurgling, 'Jus—one—minute, Mr. Tenbow. Me, Jack Watley!' A restless wind noised in the roadside trees, overhead many stars shone from a black sky, a good furlong away behind glimmered the last lamps of Dissby, and ahead, beyond where the near road glistened under the lamps of the chaise, everything merged and massed to an inky sky line. Watley panted, his hand out, and Mr. Tenbow lay back in his seat, hard.

'Not another copper, Watley,' he said, tightening his rugs 'not another blank ha'penny! You sleep out, Watley; if you're too late for the House you roost on the tiles till you're sober again, you sin-dried scamp of a soaker!'

Watley repudiated, gesticulated, got out his warning. 'I wanted to ask you to go home by daylight, sir,' he said, 'but I know you wouldn't if I had, and now it's as dark as murder and a lonely road, and I couldn't tell anybody else. But you just take a policeman with you, sir.'

Mr. Tenbow laughed like a hoarse old lion tickled.

'Policeman!' he scoffed, 'pretty old fool I should look! Po-lice! Ha! ha! Watley—old Tenbow with a bobby to guard him home! They'd think I was childish, and shouldn't I hear of it? Watley, you must be very far gone—a sovereign you can't show me that shilling, Watley.'

Watley stood under the lamp. Two passing cyclists stared at

the chaise in the flash of their lights meeting, and sang out a good-night to Mr. Tenbow as they swished on towards Dissby. But Mr. Tenbow was watching Watley, and Watley took out several coppers and a packet of tobacco. 'Fivepence and an ounce, sir,' he said triumphantly. 'Three half-pints, and not a drop more, so help me!'

'Wonderful!' agreed Mr. Tenbow ironically. 'You've been denying yourself—hatching up this yarn, I expect—that's the worst of a runaway tongue, Watley; or was this what you were wrapping up in sugar this morning? You seem half dazed, man! Tell you what, Watley, you shall come with me—two of these dreadful rogues, you say? Well, you shall come and make two of us. Why, what's the matter with you, man—you're all of a shake? Harkye, Watley,' Mr. Tenbow dropped his voice, '*know* these men—these robbers? Friends of yours, hey?'

Watley, who had shrunk, advanced and swore not, lifting his right hand.

'Jump in, then,' commanded Mr. Tenbow, making room with a grunt, 'and show you're some good for once. Jump in, man, and back your precious tale. If there is any Dick Turpin business you shall have the best supper you've got outside of this thirty years, and we'll make a night of it afterwards for old times' sake. Jump in, I say, or I'll lay this whip across you for being only half a liar!'

Watley got into the chaise a little sullenly.

'You be my groom,' said Mr. Tenbow, chuckling. 'You can open the gate and touch your cap under the starlight, Watley; you're a born flunkey any day if you only had a clean shave and your hair parted down the middle. You can wager your life you'll go empty to-night and sleep under a hedge for your sins, Watley; but we'll trot gently so as to give your taradiddle a fair chance, and if you sit low and tuck your long legs away nobody'll ever notice you against my overcoat. Ha! ha! Watley! to think you should ever be fool enough—all this way out of your road. I fancy I see you crawling and praying at Saffron Hill—three miles from anywhere. But no mercy, Watley; I'll set the dogs on you—I swear it! Gosh!' said the old man, putting the whip back in the socket and taking up his stick suggestively, 'I half wish something would turn up. I'd give a fiver, Watley, to see you in a money-or-your-life scrap in the dark. You needn't shake and shiver, man—you and me ought to be a match for any three villains

—you can squeal and I'll slog. I see you've got a very useful cudgel with you, and if I didn't know you down to the very roots, I might think *you* meant mischief, Watley. Ha! ha!' Mr. Tenbow nudged his companion. 'How do you feel *inside*, Watley? Feel like *blood*, hey?'

## III.

That burly inspector was fairly winded. While Watley's long shambling legs sped down the street, he stood gasping and hugging his girth outside the Town Hall. But the other policeman sprang off in chase, and more were at hand. 'Bike!' wheezed the inspector frantically—'Bi-ike!'

Watley ran to where the houses thinned and had front gardens. Before him lay open country. On either hand women gaped from doorways, and males grinned at front gates. Here and there sundry carts had halted, their drivers turned, gazing. Way back shopkeepers in aprons dotted the street with white patches. Against the Town Hall a young constable appeared with a bicycle. Jestings bets were offered him as he mounted. The burly inspector, joined by as burly a sergeant, got into a butcher's cart and galloped. The Bench had come to the Town Hall steps, thence to the street, and one of the three J.P.'s had sent for his horse, and presently a bareheaded groom came running with a bay mare. The J.P., ready breeched and gaitered, and looking the jolly old fox-hunter he was, mounted and tore after the butcher's cart. Two or three other carts rattled after him, boys yelled, and the crowd rubbed its hands.

Street ran to open road, Watley ran well in the distance. Some of the near spectators ran too, but none checked him. All knew he would be caught, but they hoped not yet; man-hunts came rarely, and Watley bounded like a wild man. Once he swerved and struck his manacled hands on an iron fence, then, to the excited shout behind, he put them above his head and yelled. But the uniformed cyclist gained.

Watley was racing along the road he had travelled over-night; he passed the spot where he had joined Mr. Tenbow. A little further, and on the right, a footpath turned off across the fields, and the footpath went straight to where Mr. Tenbow lived—Saffron Hill Farm. One walking thither cut off half a mile good by this path, and just as the pursuing cyclist came skimming up,



Watley hopped over the stile on to it with his coat-tails flying. The eager constable overran and stopped with difficulty; and when he came to the stile Watley was well out on the path, and the path looked very rough and narrow. Here and there the recent plough had almost blotted it out; it glistened greasily; and the stiles along it, where the hedges made dark lines in the distance, were stumbling-blocks to cyclists. While the constable hesitated up rattled the butcher's cart, and the cart stopped too. 'He means for old Tenbow's,' said the inspector, looking after Watley like a man enlightened. 'That's why he never made for the town. . . . Oh! the Lord knows why—perhaps to wring his neck and finish the job.' The inspector was prejudiced. 'After him!' he roared, rounding on the constable with the cycle. 'Spin round by the road—cut him off—you'll do it easily! It'll be up hill directly with him.'

'So it will be with me,' muttered the constable as he mounted.

'Wouldn't have anything more happen to old Georgy,' said the inspector, cooling. 'Ah, here's the doctor—just been to see him, I'll bet. How did you leave Mr. Tenbow, sir?' he asked of a coated gentleman who drove up from the opposite direction in a glossy dogcart.

The doctor, a spruce, dark, shaven man, shook his head. 'Comatose,' he said professionally. 'Another twelve hours will decide, I think.' Then the inspector explained, indicating the flying Watley. 'Cracked!' he said. 'And if he gets there first and upsets them—'

'I'll go round back,' resolved the doctor, wheeling his horse as the J.P. cantered up. Then the magistrate passed the doctor and followed the cyclist; and the inspector in the butcher's cart, with more carts for company, clattered after the magistrate; and many afoot went skurrying across the path in the wake of Watley; and Watley never made such running.

His life work had been leg work. He carried age but no weight. He had got his cracked, unwieldy boots off him, and his bare feet flashed amazingly as he showed his back over the moist path. He met only a stray astonished pedestrian or two, and he heeded nothing behind him. He knew the country—no fox better—and he knew where to look. The path cut the fields diagonally, and the road—of which this path cut off a great loop or inside angle—swooped and converged on his left. Through the trees he began to have glimpses of it; soon he saw where it turned off toward



him on the hill far leftward, and, with four stiles behind him, he panted up the slope himself. This one field and the path gave on that road again, and along that road.

Watley gained the swell, and beheld the converging highway plainly; a white band between its low dark hedges, narrowing away to the turn, half a mile distant. This side thence sundry carts moved thither, their drivers like craning dolls against the skyline; nearer, one horseman rose and fell; nearer still a single black figure humped on nothing sped smoothly. It was the policeman cyclist.

A furlong from Watley's left the road dipped to a bunch of trees, then climbed anew. Down the dip spun the cyclist, break-neck. A moment Watley lost him in the hollow, the next he saw him ascending—road and path ran to the point of a triangle at the last stile. Watley measured his own track to that stile, and Watley slackened and looked round to the fields on his right, pressing his hands to his breast. Then Watley saw the cyclist had stopped—had dismounted, concerned suddenly with his machine—and Watley ran on again. The policeman tumbled his mount aside in a vicious sort of way and ran too.

Across the road, and nearly opposite the stile, was a gate—the entrance to Saffron Hill Farm. Watley on the path and the policeman on the road were each about the same distance from it, and Watley ran heavily. A bare field behind him cries rose shrilly. The policeman toiled up from the hollow, and in the hollow the horseman shouted. Away along the road the driven horses broke to a thundering gallop. Some of the drivers yelled. The horseman came up the hill full tilt. He vented a ringing Tally-ho! A shrill, prolonged chorus of Tally-ho's echoed behind Watley, and Watley fell over the last stile in a heap.

The field had a good view. Watley was up directly with the policeman ten yards off, and Watley dived across the road to the gate opposite. It stood open, and a meadow down was the solitary farmhouse. Watley banged the gate to in the face of his pursuer, and then over the grass it was greyhound after hare with Watley and the policeman. Seen foreshortened from the road there looked but a hand's breadth between them.

The magistrate on his bay mare, the doctor in his dog-cart, the policeman in the butcher's cart, sundry vehicles, and panting runners clustered at the entrance gate and stood gazing. A hundred yards across the meadow a woman in a white apron

stood in the open door of the farmhouse—as if she knew. Above the hum at the gate the inspector roared to her to shut the door.

But the door remained wide. When the woman vanished from it Watley vanished through it; then it was promptly closed with the policeman outside, and the slam of it echoed. Then the burly inspector was a little snappy with the crowd, and then he and the doctor and the magistrate went down to the farmhouse together.

#### IV.

Watley, when he had fastened the front door, sank on the stairs-step two yards from it, and sat clutching at his breast with his shackled hands, working for his breath, his mouth wide and cavernous, and drops of sweat like glistening beads on the old parchment of his face. Three or four women clustered in the hall gazing at him, and outside you could almost hear the excluded policeman catching his wind.

‘Much—o—bliged!’ gasped Watley to the dame in the white apron, and Watley tried to smile reassuringly. ‘I—I—trust I haven’t alarmed you.’

Watley, shaking all over, got up and inclined his head. He had lost his cap, and his scanty, grizzled hair stuck in moist, matted tufts; his seedy coat gaped in places newly; and here and there fresh blood streaked and splotched the clay-brown of his bare feet. ‘We’ll keep him outside a bit longer,’ he panted, nodding to the bolted door, ‘till I see Mr. Tenbow.’

‘You can’t,’ said the women smiling. The man looked so droll—bowing and quivering and smirking behind his manacles; a racked, hunted, half-clad stalk of a man—indomitably polite, grotesquely thin—a shaking, smiling reed in handcuffs. ‘You can’t; Mr. Tenbow’s very ill.’

‘I must,’ breathed Watley in a cracked whisper—he had very little breath left. ‘I *must*,’ he repeated, working his joined hands up and down from the elbows—he was wiping his feet on the doormat—‘very important—really. I’ve come all this way on purpose.’ The women smiled again, but Watley jumped, for the policeman outside began to knock. Suddenly one of the women gave a *Hush!* lifting her finger. Then she raised both her hands. From beyond the open stair-head a sort of hoarse grunting semblance of human speech made itself heard through the knocking. ‘He’s

come to !' said the woman, clapping her palms lightly. 'It was that bang of the door'

'Excuse me,' said Watley feverishly. He had one foot on the stairs and his eye over his shoulder. 'My business is private,' he added as he mounted.

Watley opened the bedroom door softly. Mr. Tenbow's face showed mottled—dull purple and cold grey—against the white pillow ; one bush of an eyebrow protruded from under the bandage which bound his head, and his granite-grey beard thrust itself out over the bedclothes. His eyes were open, and he got out, 'Watley !' in a rumbling whisper of astonishment. Watley, huddled in the doorway deprecatingly, with two of the women at his shoulder, gabbled in gasped, breathy snatches of speech, making pitiful attempts to hide his wrists under his coat.

'Beg pardon for leaving you last night, sir—very sorry—they locked me up for it, Mr. Tenbow—tried me—never forgive myself—*Me*, Mr. Tenbow (Watley displayed his handcuffs)—wouldn't have left you so—it's *killing*, Mr. Tenbow (Watley's clasped hands went up and down jerkily)—for the world if I'd only been myself—they're here after me—*Police*, Mr. Tenbow ! and you're the only man, if you'll excuse—'

Watley broke off, looked round swiftly, gasped hard and hoarse, and came stealing to the far side of the bed and very close to its occupant as the pursuing constable entered the room.

'Eh ?' wheezed Mr. Tenbow, as the policeman half-recoiled apologetically, 'who sent for you ?' The man stammered something about 'Duty,' and Mr. Tenbow turned his head this and that way, looking with puckered forehead from Watley's handcuffs to the policeman's buttons. Finally, he faced the officer with brows down thunderously, and, 'Who the devil sent for *you* ?' came with something of the old chest roar. The man stood uncertain, and Mr. Tenbow, scorning the woman's soothing, tried to raise himself, his jaws working and his breath wheezing and whistling in what seemed to be strong words stillborn. As more visitors entered he fell back and lay panting, waving the officer hence with small bloodshot eyes set, and one big bloodless hand and wrist going insistently in the air. 'That—man—gone—out—o' the house ?' he asked when he could speak. (The constable had been signed away by the newcomers.) 'Ah, you there, inspector ; you, too, sir !'—to the magistrate. 'Come in, come in. Don't *you* excite *yourself*, doctor, *I'm* all right—I remembered the

minute I saw Watley—I knew all about it. Send the women away and prop me up.' And he insisted on more packing behind his shoulders and his coat round him—and drink. The coat was a black one, and against the collar of it his face looked toned more evenly.

'Law, medicine, and women,' he got out in something between a gasp and a chuckle, 'are one too many all at once. What's the time: and what on earth have you all been doing with Watley here? Off with his bracelets,' he commanded, squaring himself in his pillows and setting the inspector with the fixed gaze of some stricken old mastiff. 'Do you hear?' he ground out, 'off with these— He's my friend, and in my house.'

'Humour him, for Heaven's sake!' whispered the doctor.

'That's better, Watley; hey?' said the old man presently. 'Wrists ache, old boy? Arms a bit stiff, hey? Swing 'em round, man, only don't hit my head—that's cracked already. What did you take the hump for last night? You deserve to be shot for deserting in face o' the enemy. Ha! ha! you smelt powder, Watley, and it turned your stomach; you funkcd—you chicken heart!'

'Very upset, sir,' pleaded Watley, shuffling.

'And so they've collared *you* for it, Watley. Ha! ha! *rich*, I call it! No, you never was a rogue—only a fool, and a bigger fool than ever last night. We should have routed the blackguards, Watley—knocked 'em down—tied 'em up—taken 'em to the lock-up—had our names in the papers—you and me. We could have shown these policemen how to *do* things, hey?'

'How was it, sir?'

'One of 'em went for the pony's head and the other one tackled me,' said Mr. Tenbow. 'You hadn't been gone five minutes, and while I was settling my man the other villain left the pony and came behind me—devilish hard! Did they skin me?'

'Everything was all right,' said the doctor quickly; 'wasn't it, inspector? Don't you worry, Mr. Tenbow.'

'Ha! ha! doctor, you don't blind me. Well, serve me right for not being told—hey, Watley? Why, what's the matter with you—had plenty to eat and drink?'

'Doing very nicely, thank you, sir,' quavered Watley, rubbing his released hands and smiling waterily. 'Only if you *could* spare me an old pair of boots, sir?'

'Boots? did you wear 'em out running away last night? Ha! ha! Boots! you shall have a new rig out all through—anything

in the house. You're not snivelling over a pair of boots, Watley ?'

'Yesterday,' stammered Watley, brushing his cheek jerkily, as though flies worried him, 'and now to see you like this !'

'You've been listening to the croakers, Watley. Do they say I shan't get by it this time ? Don't let 'em stuff you, Watley ; I shall—do you hear me ? I shall, I say !'

'Of course you will, sir,' stammered Watley. Watley somehow couldn't get his words through his throat. 'Of course—you—will.'

'What the devil are you snivelling for, then—you know me ? Do they whisper round the corner about the funeral, and did we ought to send for the clergyman ? Women, Watley, women. Dying deposition?—and how will the old fellow cut up, hey ? I'll see 'em all d—d first !' The old man's voice weakened, and he put his hand to the bandage. 'Makes me sweat !' he breathed.

'It was on the—on the—head, sir.'

'It was on the *whisky*, Watley ; ha ! ha !' Mr. Tenbow gave a choking chuckle, then his eyes closed and he seemed to fall together limply. When they had laid him lower gently—and he was very still—Watley wrung his hands. 'There ! he's off again !' he groaned.

'Well, you're cleared, my man,' said the magistrate, rubbing his boot with his whip. 'There's really no case against you after this. We must find those other villains, inspector.'

Watley seemed deaf. He stood looking at the unconscious figure on the bed. Then he turned to the doctor. 'He *will* ?' he asked in an eager whisper.

But the doctor squeezed his lips, knit his brow, shook his head. 'It's his age,' he said, after a pause and gravely.

'He will so long as he says he will,' said Watley, suddenly and with heart.

And Watley was right. But then Watley had not been far wrong all through.

W. H. RAINSFORD.

### THE MODERN ITALIAN DRAMA.

UNTIL comparatively recent days contemporary Italy could boast no modern dramatists. Theatrical companies habitually presented foreign productions, and the public neither expected nor wished for other fare. Occasionally some great player, like Tommaso Salvini, would revive pieces from old and forgotten repertoires, such as the plays of Alfieri. But these plays, though in their day they made a great stir, did so rather for their collateral than for their intrinsic merits. Hence people went to hear them not for themselves, but in order to see an actor like Salvini again. The one hopeful feature was that this unproductiveness aroused much public discontent, which grew with the growing fashion of presenting inferior productions which the managers thought would go down under the hall-mark of a foreign name. In the eighteenth century the Italian theatrical public tolerated the buffooneries of Harlequin, who ate cherries on the stage and threw the stones at the spectators. By the nineteenth century, when taste had grown more refined and a critical spirit had penetrated into every class of society, audiences no longer tolerated an exclusive fare of foreign *pochades*, but demanded national productions; they felt, and rightly, that the Peninsula was not lacking in wit and intellect of its own. Above all they recognised that no European country, not even France, can boast of such excellent actors as can Italy.

A full understanding of the Italian theatre to-day requires a rapid retrospect over its development during the nineteenth century. Goldoni, whose comedies, according to Voltaire, had liberated Italy from the Goths, and who was so intensely national, so full of *vis comica*—Goldoni was dead, and his best plays, being in Venetian dialect, could not everywhere keep the boards. He was succeeded by Alfieri the tragic, a poet who would not even read the Greek tragedians for fear he should unconsciously imitate them. Hence his work was at once original and spontaneous. It is, of course, somewhat difficult for a later generation to judge these works, for Alfieri is, above all, the man who created rather than awoke the sentiment of Italian nationality, which culminated in the wars of independence. His bold verses, that sound hollow and bombastic

to our ears, were then best adapted to rouse the feeble soul of the majority of Italians. Nor was his work in vain. Secret societies sprang up on every side preaching revolt under cover of queer names and absurd rites, and it was but natural that the theatre should feel the influence of this far-reaching movement, at once political and spiritual. Silvio Pellico wrote his 'Francesca da Rimini,' and G. B. Niccolini gave to the world his 'Foscarini,' 'Giovanni da Procida,' 'Filippo Strozzi,' all works that aimed at destroying the temporal and regal powers. What did the hearers of those days care if Silvio Pellico falsified history in making his Paolo say he abandons Francesca in order to fight the foreign oppressors of Italy? In the days of Paolo Malatesta Italy had no foreign oppressors; it was torn by the dissensions of its little Communes and petty States. But this phrase, unhistorically put into Paolo's mouth, touched an open wound when the Italians were indeed oppressed. Niccolini was yet another patriot of the same kind. 'You have been the prophet of Italy's resurrection,' said Vittorio Emanuele, the first king of United Italy, when in 1860 the venerable poet offered him his historic play of 'Arnoldo da Brescia,' the martyred monk in whom the Italians of that day chose to see a precursor of political revolution.

After this, for a time, no more tragedies were produced; the vein seemed to be exhausted. The comedies that took their place were widely played. Paolo Ferrari, celebrated for his 'Goldoni e le sue 16 commedie nove' ('Goldoni and his Sixteen New Plays'), was the Italian playwright *par excellence* of the middle nineteenth century, and his plays were always touched by a high moral, humanitarian, and patriotic purpose.

Meantime a Florentine lawyer, Gherardi del Testa, also won much applause by a series of comedies written in the purest Tuscan, which are no longer acted, though they had undoubted merits and amused honestly and easily, dealing, as a rule, with a lovers' warfare wherein man ever triumphed over woman. The best of these, called 'Regno d'Adelaide' ('Reign of Adelaide'), was dedicated to the great tragic actress Adelaide Ristori.

These two decidedly individual writers were followed by a crowd of others who deserve neither praise nor blame. Briefly it may be said that their productions were everything except original; that the society they represented was more French than Italian, that the developments were commonplace, and only served to divert the bourgeoisie whose life they depicted. But after this mediocre



interlude arose Pietro Cossa and Felice Cavallotti, who once again raised the fortunes of the Italian stage. Cossa, before the fall of the temporal power, had only been suffered by the pontifical censorship to produce his biographical drama 'Beethoven,' a poor thing. But his masterpiece 'Nero' was played with great success during the confusion and excitement of the first months after Rome became the capital of Italy. Cossa is said to have taken his inspiration from Dumas's 'Acte,' emphasising the wild beast rather than the artist in 'Nero.' At all events his versified dramas were those of a playwright rather than a poet, splendid historical masquerades wherein the action does not halt, and, what is rare in a Latin, the language is energetic without being bombastic and rhetorical. Of his tragedies, which are all historical, besides 'Nero,' the best are 'The Borgias,' 'Julian the Apostate,' 'Cola di Rienzi,' and 'Cleopatra.' He also wrote two comedies, 'Plautus and his Age,' which gives a vivid picture of Roman society in the time of the dramatist, and 'Cecelia,' which still holds the boards. It deals with the tender love story of that sweet and rare painter Giorgione di Castelfranco, who wooed Cecelia Grimani, the daughter of a Venetian patrician. The verses, for the play is written in verse, are elegantly chiselled, and the whole is inspired by graceful feeling.

Pietro Cossa, who lived till 1881, was in his latter days one of the most popular figures of the new Rome. There was something leonine in his face and mane of hair, his smile was frank and his person robust. It is told of him that at the time when the Pope was still King of Rome he shouted to a preacher in one of the Roman churches, 'Silence, you liar,' without a thought of the dungeon this temerity might procure for him. About the time of his death Felice Cavallotti, a young journalist, and a convinced Republican, produced at the Royal Theatre of Milan his first play, 'I Pezzenti' ('The Beggars'). It dealt with the revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II. The theme was certainly not new, but it was newly treated by the young writer, and gained him much praise. It was followed by his masterpiece, 'Alcibiades.' Here the handsome disciple of Socrates is presented in all his vigorous manhood, and there are many purple passages in a play that strove to be a graphic reconstruction of Greek life. But his one-act poem 'Il Cantico dei Cantici' ('The Song of Songs') gained for him the suffrages of all lovers, and is perhaps his most popular play in the strictest sense of the word. It contains but three personages,

a retired colonel, a seminarist nephew, and a niece, the cousin of the budding priest. The sweet instinct of love triumphs over superstition, the lad throws aside his frock and marries the pretty cousin, to the no small amusement of his free-thinking uncle. With his 'Sposa di Menele' Cavallotti resumed his Greek themes, and followed it by 'Povero Piero,' in which the influence of Victor Hugo is marked. It deals with the contrast between the deformity of a body and the beauty of its soul. Cavallotti was destined to meet with a tragic end. A leader in politics, an irresistible orator, an indefatigable defender of public morality, he fell a victim to his passion for duelling. But his name and influence survive among the extreme Republican party in Italy, while in literature his works remain as an example of the romanticism that beautifies without falsifying the incidents of real life.

It is a curious fact, illuminating the Italian character, that while philosophical and problem plays, such as are beloved of Ibsen, Tolstoi, and their school, are antipathetic to this public, historical plays, such as a northern public pronounces dull, are in high favour. This taste originates, perhaps, in the classical traditions of the Italians. Appeals to antiquity find an echo among every class of playgoers, and, curiously enough, this response is, if possible, keener in the lower than the upper social ranks, for the lower classes in Italy, save perhaps a section of very advanced Socialists, still feed upon the splendid records of their national story. It would seem as though for them the historical play, appealing to their love of country, was the lineal outcome of that tragedy, the dominant element in the Greek and Roman theatre, of which they consider themselves the natural heirs. Didactic plays, on the other hand, the public will not stand. They laugh, they hiss, they talk, they call the curtain down. And an Italian public is the most critical and merciless in the world. Not even an old favourite can save a situation. As in music they will not tolerate a false note, and without pity whistle a trembling *débutante* or a worn-out artist off the stage, so at the play they will not endure being sermonised, instructed, or bored. Only what bores other nations does not bore them, and *vice versa*. Thus they will listen for hours, and with the most rapt attention, to what a northerner would call empty flight of rhetoric; they will applaud to the echo interminable speeches of richly coloured words and rolling periods, regardless of the fact that when reduced to plain speech they contain few ideas, and are compounded chiefly of

'words, idle words'; sufficient if they are musically woven and tickle the sensitive and innately true ear of the Italian. Hence in part the great and overwhelming success achieved by Gabriele d'Annunzio, understood by few foreigners, to whom too much of the work of this undoubted genius seems 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

His influence has certainly been far-reaching in more than one respect, both on and off the stage. He flashed upon the theatre, at a moment when foreign influence was at its height, with the noble aim of recalling the Italian stage to its best national traditions, and replacing the journeyman phrases of the translator by the splendid Italian tongue. Curiously enough he pressed into his service that very Eleonora Duse to whom much of the foreign corruption was due, for until she came to act in D'Annunzio's plays her *répertoire*, with few exceptions, consisted wholly of translated work. That D'Annunzio was not happy at first in the theatrical environment, that even now, when he has achieved world-wide success, it is permissible to doubt whether he has real dramatic talent, is perhaps beside the mark. The fact remains that he revolutionised the modern Italian theatre.

It was in 1896 that D'Annunzio, putting aside for a while his novels, his odes, and his verses, first came forward as a playwright with his 'Dreams of the Seasons' ('*Sogni delle Stagioni*'), which, owing to their utter novelty of method and conception, made much ado among the critics. '*Il Sogno d'un mattino di Primavera*' cannot be highly praised, nor did it merit as a work of art all the attention it excited. It revolved around what may be called the *Leitmotif* of D'Annunzio—that is to say lust, love, blood, and brute force, strangely wedded to a keen appreciation of Nature, an ardent patriotism, and an exquisite art, whether displayed in music, sculpture, or painting. It should have remained a closet play. In its successor 'The Dream of an Autumn Sunset' ('*Sogno d'un tramonto di Autunno*'), the form and the intention are more artistic and better welded. Indeed, in his diction D'Annunzio is ever past master. His phrasing is of the happiest, his words are always picturesque, and his vocabulary forceful, and this he has enriched by going back to the fountain-head of all Italian speech, the fourteenth-century writers. This autumnal dream deals with a tragedy of sensuous desire (it would not be D'Annunzio otherwise), and the whole is set in the midst of a vision of livid and ominous darkness. Passion tasted, lost, desired, gives colour to

this picture of violence which, though confined within the limits of a stage, throws lightning flashes of vision over a vast area of places and emotions. The Dogaressa Gradeniga is shown to us as suffering the overwhelming woes of love, like Phædra in the 'Hippolytus' of Euripides. She has enjoyed, but she is not satiated. The beautiful courtesan Pantea, who sails upon a bark adorned like Cleopatra's barge, has snatched away her lover. Therefore it is the will of the Dogaressa that Pantea shall die. She has summoned before her a slave woman famed as a magician, in order to destroy her rival by enchantment. Meanwhile a train of galleys passes along the river that flows beneath the palace, all illumined with gay lights and glittering with gold and colour. In the midst sails the *Bucentaur*, the State galley, wherein rides Pantea. A clamour of enraptured shouts is raised by the populace, who gape at this spectacle of splendour. Pantea, attracted by this wild clamour, presents herself to the populace on the prow of her boat. She is undraped save by her beauty. At this sight the already excited crowd are inflamed by wild desires. They seek to board the *Bucentaur*, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensues between her crew and its assailants. At this moment a fire breaks out on board, and the *Bucentaur* is driven by the current along the garden where stands the Dogaressa Gradeniga, as if it were a moving torch diffusing blood-red rays of lurid light. Such succinctly is this drama, which for originality and construction is a masterpiece of art though perchance not of ethics.

Soon after this production D'Annunzio, who is the most prolific and unwearied of workers, issued his fourth play, 'La Gioconda,' the drama that has become almost identified with the name of Duse, for whom it was written, for at that time the friendship between these two great geniuses was at its height. Here a new personage is introduced, the Sirennetta, through whom the poet tells the world his views and aspirations. A limpid vision of Nature, he holds, is conceded only to those who have suffered; only then are they worthy to contemplate her as their comforter and purifier. As the Greeks regarded music as the most powerful educational medium, the art that most easily penetrates to the spirit and awakens the slumbering soul, so D'Annunzio employs music to conduct the stricken soul of Silvia Settalà to its ultimate purification. The Sirennetta is a seer who has the gift of song, and Silvia herself finds the formula: 'You alone will be able to console me.' Silvia had yielded to the seductions of life, had descended to falsehood.

Her soul had issued wearied and darkened from bitter trials. Then at last she listens eagerly to the voice of this simple creature, who strives to tell her things eternal. Hence the purpose of 'Gioconda' is to extol the power of pain as a great moral regenerator. Gioconda Dianti, the woman who appears ever veiled, as typifying the blind instrument of Nature, is the consuming flame that passes over the soul of Silvia Settalà to purify it by sorrow. When she sees the statue at whose foot Lucio, her husband, attempted to kill himself, she feels no horror at the memory of the deed, but is filled with an æsthetic ecstasy at the sight of such a masterpiece. Herein lies a first step in purification, according to D'Annunzio, and the victory will be complete when sorrow shall have touched her crudely and she shall have passed close to sin, such sin being, again according to the poet, a needful element towards the ultimate uplifting. Silvia Settalà finds peace by means of martyrdom. To save the masterpiece of sculpture that was falling she loses both her hands, those hands that were her beauty and her glory. Unable to give her child the embrace it craves, she is frenzied with grief and dismay. It is at this moment that the Sirenetta throws herself upon the bare ground and touches it with her forehead and her hands, thereby signifying that the embrace of a sorrowing mother is as nothing compared to the motherhood of the earth.

With 'Gioconda' D'Annunzio obtained a great dramatic triumph, at the same time revealing that, for all his sensuousness, he is a mystic idealist and almost a follower of St. Francis. His subsequent works were to show that he is also a classical romanticist. Inevitably D'Annunzio found many disciples and imitators among the younger ranks of Italian writers, and in pointing them to higher dramatic ideals than those of mere amusement, he certainly has done good work. But his followers unfortunately have developed all his love for violent passions without his redeeming features. Certainly if a foreigner were to judge of the Italian people from the drama of its youngest school, where blood, thunder, and crime predominate, they would draw very erroneous conclusions. The real fact is that these productions are usually the work of very young, inexperienced, and untravelled men—men, too, who can often read no language but their own, and who, misled by D'Annunzio's fame and example, exaggerate his situations and miss his merits.

It was perhaps because of the indiscretions of these followers that D'Annunzio very soon reappeared on the stage, engrossing

public attention with 'La Gloria,' which on its first production at Naples was hissed off the boards. This play has a special importance among D'Annunzio's productions, marking the extreme limits of his art in its merits and its defects. In 'La Gloria' are manifested his social and political aims, coincident with his meteoric appearance in the Italian Parliament, which he entered as a Conservative and left as a Radical. In this play the fantasy of the poet is transmuted into a political programme. He has a passing vision of grandeur; his personages were meant to be demigods, but, alas! they proved but idealists in name, lacking the power of action. Each is dominated by the over-excitement and self-delusion peculiar to all lyrical natures. Each possesses a curious power of evoking credit. And yet 'La Gloria' should have been D'Annunzio's greatest tragedy, it is so perfectly original in conception, treatment, and purpose. Once again the personages are intended to be profoundly symbolical. Comnena, the descendant of Emperors, who incarnates supreme feminism, is intended as a symbol of glory, changeful and fleeting, ever deserting age for youth. Bronte, the grand old statesman, suggested by Crispi, stands for the past, born close to the soil and nourished by it. But Comnena abandons him to follow the rising star of Ruggero Flamma, the demagogue of the future, in whose wake the mob pursues. As the characters are symbolical, so also is the action of this drama. It purposes to shadow forth the immediate future of Italian history and to reveal the persistent fever that bids the multitude clamour for the new, and shows itself mutable as glory itself. But the vital flame was lacking in the poet when he indited this play. Flamma, the popular hero, the leader of the future, annihilates himself and disappears under the pressure of his own personality. The great reforms he has preached and promised reduce themselves to a simple and trifling agrarian reform, such as any Parliamentary member might have introduced and carried.

Perhaps one reason for the play's failure may be found in the fact that no modern nation, ruled by popular representation, offers a theme for tragedy, for here average intelligences necessarily predominate, and no 'wild-beast statesman' (to borrow a phrase from Bismarck) can dominate the whole of a people. It may be that D'Annunzio apprehended this, for he afterwards sought the environment of his most successful historical play in a special epoch of Italian life, the fourteenth century. Like Maeterlinck, his development leads him from the realm of shadows to that of tangible



personages. Before presenting his 'Francesca,' however, he gave to the world his 'Città Morta,' a play that was criticised according as his audience could overlook the unpleasant fundamental episode, which was obviously introduced as a challenge to common morality, being in no sense an integral necessity to the action or to the harmony of the play. But on this point there is something hopelessly twisted in D'Annunzio's mind, which must prevent him from ever attaining to the highest greatness. Thus the play was a failure, and yet it contained not only splendid lyrical outbursts but also some situations that might have been effective had they been acted instead of narrated. Here, again, D'Annunzio revealed his lack of stage practice. The scene is laid in Mycenæ, 'of wide streets, rich in gold,' where Schliemann uncovered the tombs and the treasures of the Atridæ. The hero of the play is a new Schliemann, so absorbed in his labour of love that he unconsciously lives in the ages whose records he has unearthed. Leonard's exile and labours are shared by his sister, Bianca Maria, by a poet friend, and his blind wife, Anna. The latter is the true protagonist. Though blind she sees with the eyes of the mind like Cassandra; she plays the part of conscience and the vigilant seer, who would fain avert the catastrophe impending over her companions. But Eros and the classical atmosphere of the locality are too strong, and only death cuts the Gordian knot. D'Annunzio's design was to construct a modern drama on the lines of ancient tragedy, imagining circumstances of to-day that reproduce the Fate of the Greeks. But modern ideas and ethics are not Greek ideas and ethics, and however much a modern be a dreamer and live apart from real life he cannot escape from the influence of the *Zeitgeist*.

Undaunted by the lack of popular success on the stage, unconscious of it almost, D'Annunzio at the close of 1901 produced his poem of 'dream and crime,' that 'Francesca da Rimini' whose appearance excited the whole intellectual world of Italy. For the first time D'Annunzio formulates a precise date for the resolution of his action, which he has woven into a grandiose historic drama, thanks to his rare erudition in the speech, manners, customs, and environment of the epoch, while his research has added fresh incidents that throw new light on this tragedy. His Francesca has nothing in common with Silvio Pellico's heroine, who remains untouched by wrong. D'Annunzio's Francesca would naturally be formed of other stuff. She moves amidst the men of her time and belongs to it. Still, the play had to be cut down and readjusted



before it met with popular recognition, and as an *ensemble* it is not as effective or as pathetic a telling of the old sorrowful story as Dante's eight lines.

D'Annunzio's latest play is the '*Figlia di Jorio*,' which, though also a weird and gruesome product, is certainly superior to the '*Franческа*,' showing an astonishing progress in dramatic composition. It is really effectively proportioned, which is more than can truthfully be said of his other plays. The whole thing is romantic and fantastic, proving that realism does not suit such a born poet as D'Annunzio. Horrible as the fundamental tale is, beauty predominates, and there is much truth underlying the fable. Aligi the hero, though a morbid youth, is an absolutely true and human figure, and a very likely son for a despot like Lazzaro to have. It is remarkable, too, how the play is pervaded by the atmosphere and character of the Abruzzi, by the intensity of religious sentiment and the primitive respect for hearth and family, even if in the third and last act the play becomes comparatively conventional. But, without question, in the '*Figlia di Jorio*' D'Annunzio has touched his theatrical high-water mark, and it is to be hoped that his next play, '*La Nave*,' may not note a decline. It promises to be a work of high lyrical fantasy, and dramatic withal. The scene will be laid in the fifth century: the action in that semicircle of lagoons that stretch from Ravenna to Trieste. According to D'Annunzio himself this new play will be a national poem that shall emphasise the rights of the Italians to possess the seas that wash their shores; in short, a species of *Italia Irredenta* manifesto. The difficulty of staging it has so far proved an insuperable obstacle, but perhaps in the spring it may appear at the Scala of Milan, no smaller theatre sufficing, and even so it is doubtful if all the effects dreamed by the poet can be produced. Indeed, the greater part of his plays were intended to be acted in that ideal theatre, a species of Italian Bayreuth, which he planned to build on the shores of the lake of Albano, but of which no plank has yet been laid, though much money was long ago collected for its erection. Meanwhile the success of the '*Figlia di Jorio*' is marked by the fact that not only do two parodies exist, but the piece has been translated from its fine fourteenth-century Italian into its native Abruzzi dialect, and also into Sicilian, and in all three languages meets with popular favour.

But though D'Annunzio overshadows the contemporary Italian stage other playwrights have not been idle. Thus in 1901

the famous composer of 'Mefistofele,' Arrigo Boïto, after long years of work, finally gave to the world the play of 'Nero.' Boïto is above all a poet and a romanticist, and his treatment of Nero differs from Pietro Cossa's. He deals almost exclusively with the matricide, and presents him in the legendary moment of his remorse, a remorse that in such a histrionic nature as that of Nero took theatrical shape. Simon Magus plays a large part, and the burning of Rome is laid at the door of his followers. Hence, according to Boïto, Nero's share in the crime was limited to not staying the spread of the conflagration, because he desired to enjoy the spectacle and sing, as he watched it, of the burning of Troy. For Rome itself, that wonderful all-embracing unity, tempered and strengthened by eight centuries of iron rule, but disintegrating under Nero, is the real protagonist of Boïto's play. Boïto understood Rome, Cossa understood Nero. If the two plays could have been fused, a perfect drama would have resulted.

We have not space to deal with the less popular exponents of modern problem plays in Italy. Our notice is claimed by the playwright whose works, by reason of their higher ethical nature, their greater adaptation to the trend of the age, will, we believe, remain when D'Annunzio's magnificently worded but immoral fireworks, his fantastic materialisms, shall no longer hold the boards. For Italy too has been touched by the revival of Idealism, and here also are springing up followers of that spiritualistic school which is so revolutionising the thought of modern France. Of this school E. A. Butti is the pioneer. As yet his name is scarcely known beyond the confines of his native land, and even in Italy itself, until a few months ago, his plays and novels met with scant recognition; but the fact that no less a critic than J. A. Symonds, after reading the writer's first book, should have pronounced it the finest work of fiction written in modern Italy, and prognosticated that its author, who was then in the early twenties, would become the greatest literary genius of his country, is of itself a proof of his rare merits. A cultured student of medicine, science, law, and letters, Butti began his literary career with two novels in which he set out by affirming his faith that all in this world cannot be explained by science and materialism, and that with the loss of faith is lost the motive power towards leading an ideal life. 'Dark and narrow,' he cries, 'with no door out, is the prison to which science would fain confine us.' From novels he passed to plays, but though all were acted and obtained a *succès d'estime*, he still had made no

mark until he produced his 'Trilogy of Atheists.' Here he deals with what he styles the three negations: the negation of sorrow, the negation of faith, and the negation of remorse, in their social and even their political bearing. In 'Lucifero,' the second of the trilogy, Giovanni Alberini, the philosopher hero, with his gentle scepticism and his profound sayings, is not unlike Anatole France's great creation of Monsieur Bergeret. He disbelieves in God, and in this disbelief he has educated his children, but at the sight of the terrible sorrows that strike his son Guido, and his own utter inability to give comfort to this son's blind despair, he has a glimmering that such comfort could alone be afforded by faith in a something unseen and unknown. Absorbed in this thought, as the play ends, he murmurs to himself, 'Who knows, who knows?' No solution is given. Butti merely presents his theme as one that merits reflection, and herein lies his artistic perception. In all his writings there predominates what might be called the Hamlet problem—that is to say, atheism at war with faith; a future life, with its promised glories, contrasted with disappearance into the darkness of matter. In his 'Corsa al piacere' ('The Race for Pleasure') the hero, a pleasure-loving materialist, gives full scope for the indirect discussion of such vital problems.

The phraseology of 'Lucifero' reveals a study of Nietzsche, whose influence, openly acknowledged by D'Annunzio, is so profoundly felt by the younger generation of Italian writers. Of the play itself he says, in a disdainful preface, " 'Lucifero' " is not dedicated to the slave souls of preconceived and ready-made phrases, but to the great majority of spectators and to the slender minority of critics.' The applause which greeted his latest three-act play, 'Fiamme nell' Ombra' ('Flames in the Shadow'), is an indication of the trend of thought to-day. The hero is a weak-kneed but ambitious priest who desires to rise to the episcopacy. Suddenly, when his hopes are highest, his sister, who has fallen into the slough of depravity, asks his aid and pardon. Though he sees in her an obstacle to his hopes he yields and pardons. But hers is a weak nature; she falls again; again the brother pardons. Then at last the priest perceives the right path for him to tread. He sacrifices his ambition to his sister's welfare, carrying her away from temptation. As the curtain falls we see these two frail souls making their way to the pure quiet of a mountain village. The final scene, dominated by the peace which penetrates their souls and suggests their redemption, carries all before it.

Yet another writer who in a different line evokes thought and provokes discussion (the Italians who love the play do not go there merely to have eye and ear tickled) is Roberto Bracco. At first a disciple of the northern schools of Ibsen and Hauptmann, Bracco is a southerner of the truest type who has fused northern and southern influences, with the curious result that, it may be said, his plays reveal a northern artistic temperament while they are locally quite Neapolitan in spirit, for the scene of all Bracco's plays is laid in Naples, and all his personages present Neapolitan characteristics. Nevertheless, his plays are not provincial, only he utilises the characters he knows best in order to present a situation or mental dilemma of universal interest. He oscillates from farces to drama, a wonderful 'zigzag' (the word is his own definition of himself), revealing all his merits as a conscientious artist, a stern self-critic, indefatigable in his search after improvement. What is common to all his pieces is an exquisite diction and a lively and lifelike dialogue, while his dramatic skill is proved when he sustains a three-act play with only three personages. Bracco, however, is young, and he certainly has not yet said his last dramatic word.

Of a different calibre, indeed, belonging to an older generation, is Giuseppe Giacosa, a comedy writer with a light touch and an easy versification—for it is a curious fact that plays in verse are favoured on the Italian stage, whose actors have that rare gift of knowing how to speak in rhythm without mouthing or affectations. In his early years he obtained wide success with readings of his delicately tender dramatic idylls. It was only later he gave them to the stage, where a few remain as constant numbers of the *répertoire*. This specially applies to 'Partita a Scacchi' ('A Game of Chess'), a dainty little tale of love begun and happily ended over a game of chess, and 'Il trionfo d'amore' ('The Triumph of Love'), an old-fashioned play of the Courts of Love character, somewhat like Schiller's 'Turandot.' 'Tristi Amori' ('Unhappy Loves'), on the other hand, where he departed from his habitual manner and attempted to portray sharply realistic situations, was a failure, due, in part, to the fact that the public disliked an old favourite to desert a familiar groove. Recognising this, in the early nineties he returned to his old manner and reaped his meed of applause and lucre. 'Come le foglie' ('Like the Leaves') is one of those tenuous plots that Giacosa knows how to construct and to develop, though with a less light hand and less knowledge of stage requirements they would scarcely hold their own. Here he brings on the scene

a family that is going irretrievably to ruin, amid continual struggles between keeping up appearances and black misery, of which the better-class poor alone know the full bitterness.

Among various excellent dramatists who still deserve mention we must not pass by the patriotic G. Rovetta, a writer of brilliant dialogue and vivacious dramas. In his novels he scathes with merciless pen, and we hope some exaggeration, the defects of the Italian Government and society. In his plays he goes back to the days of Italy's making. His 'Romanticismo' touches on the aspirations and struggles which lasted from 1821 to 1848. In his 'Principio del Secolo' ('Beginning of the Century') he treats of the ferment of national spirit that then pervaded Milan, and introduces the murder of the Minister Prina, a hated Austrian police spy. His latest work, produced in January, is 'Il Re Burlone' ('The Jester King,' better known in England as 'Bomba'), wherein even the imaginary characters represent each a section of the life of that epoch.

A last word ought to be said of Marco Praga, whose amusing plays always draw large audiences, especially his 'Moglie Ideale' and his 'Vergini,' that both deal with a comic and tragic side of feminine life, and his 'Mama,' all irradiated by maternal love. Though other names and claims rush to mind, no further demonstration is needed to show how rich is the contemporary Italian theatre. Is it not wonderful that a nation which some fifteen years ago could point to few home products has now a yield so large and of such quality? One thing is certain. No other nation has a modern drama so full of high classical aspirations, so remote, as a whole, in its essence, from the trivial humdrum of life, so desirous to take its auditors outside the daily routine of existence.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

### LORD STRAFFORD'S BURIAL-PLACE.

'WE went out yesterday for a long and delightful tour with the Kildare Archæological Society, conducted by Lord Walter Fitzgerald. As we motored home in the evening, past the Curragh, *en route* for Castletown, our driver pulled up for readjustments close by a long ruined building, a mysterious line of red brick, all length without breadth. My first thought was that we were looking at another relic of Ireland's ruined industries; but a second inspection by the fast-waning light gave me the impression that some phantom building from Italy, Roman or Byzantine, had suddenly dropped down by our side, for it was like nothing else I had ever seen in Ireland or England. I addressed an inquiry to a passing peasant as to the origin of the structure, and was informed, "It's the remains of a palace that was begun by a man that came here to do something for Ireland, but they took him to England and cut his head off."'

So my brother, Charles Tindal Gatty, writes; and it occurs to me that I may tell the CORNHILL MAGAZINE something of the place where the bones of the great Lord Strafford rest. Midway between Rotherham and Doncaster lies the village of Hooton Roberts, prettily situated on a hillside. In spite of adjacent collieries and smoke-laden atmosphere, there is a good deal of what is picturesque and beautiful about the place, especially in springtime when the pear and cherry and apple blossoms brighten the gardens of the red-tiled cottages. The most prominent feature of the village is the church, which stands upon one of those curious prehistoric mounds that are met with in several places in South Yorkshire, and mostly in close proximity to churches. It is quite possible that these mounds were originally used for purposes of worship, and when Christianity was introduced a church was built near or on the spot where people were accustomed to pray. The architecture inside the church is a mixture of Norman and Early English; but externally the building bears marks of great ill-usage. The explanation of this is that some time in the seventeenth century the church was burnt, and the village was given the name of Hooton *brand* to distinguish it from other Hootons—Hooton Pagnell and Hooton Levett in the same district. It is impossible to trace the



cause of the conflagration, but it may have been the work of Puritan Levellers. All the registers prior to 1700 were destroyed, but not the church plate. This is shown by a silver paten, formerly a dinner plate, which bears the Wentworth crest and the hall-mark 1625. There is also a silver chalice which was given in 1671, but the rest of the plate belongs to the eighteenth century. The church is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, but it is also said to be dedicated to St. Peter, and a pre-Reformation bell in the tower has the inscription 'Sancte Petre, ora pro nobis.'

Beside Hooton church stands the manor house, the old dower house of the family of Wentworth, from whom the great Earl of Strafford descended. This manor came to the Wentworth family through the marriage of Isabella, the heiress of the De Hootons, with William Wentworth, of Wentworth Woodhouse, about the year 1320. A pedigree of the Hootons was compiled by William Gascoign in the reign of Charles I. for Lord Strafford, and it begins with the name of Paganus de Hooton, a name suggestive of times when Christianity was unknown in this part of the country. From this man came Robert de Hooton, whose son, bearing the name of Sir William de Hooton Roberts, lived in 1130. It is most probable that the Hooton family built the church, for some fragments of stained glass which survived the fire contained the words, 'Robertus, . . . orate pro bono statu,' and these may refer to Robert de Hooton as patron of the church. It is not surprising that all traces of the Hootons are lost, considering that, in 1320, as I have said, the estate passed into the Wentworth family.

If the church has been altered and disfigured, the manor house has suffered much more; all that remains now is a very plain stone building with one fine Tudor window, which for many years was bricked up and hidden, but is now restored. It was in this house that Lady Strafford, third wife of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, resided from the year 1641, when the Earl was beheaded, until she died in 1688. She was the daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, of Great Houghton, and she had one daughter by Lord Strafford, Lady Margaret Wentworth, who died when about sixteen years of age, and was buried at Hooton Roberts. It was to this child that Lord Strafford referred in his speech on the scaffold. Addressing his brother, Sir George Wentworth, he said: 'Carry my blessing to my daughters Ann and Arabella. Charge them to fear and serve God, and He will bless them, not forgetting my little infant that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself.



God speak for it and bless it. I have now nigh done : one stroke will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, and my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brother and all my friends ; but let God be to them all in all.' After that, going to take off his doublet and to make himself more unready, he said, ' I thank God I am no more afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragements arising from any fears, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.' Then he put off his doublet, and wound up his hair with his hands, and put on a white cap. Then he called, ' Where is the man that shall do this last office ? ' (meaning the executioner), ' call him to me.' When he came and asked him forgiveness, he told him he forgave him and all the world. Then kneeling down by the block, he went to prayer again by himself, the Bishop of Armagh kneeling on one side, and the minister on the other. To which minister, after prayer, he turned himself, and spoke a few words softly ; having his hands lifted up, the minister closed his hands with his. Then bowing himself to the earth to lay down his head on the block, he told the executioner that he would first lay down his head to try the fitness of the block, and take it up again, ' before I lay it down for good and all,' and so he did. And before he laid it down again he told the executioner that he would give him warning when to strike, by stretching forth his hands. And then, laying down his neck on the block, stretching forth his hands, the executioner struck off his head at one blow, then took the head up in his hand and showed it to all the people, and said, ' God save the King.'

This quotation from Rushworth's collections gives a vivid picture of the dread scene on Tower Hill. It will be noticed that Lord Strafford lay down, and did not kneel, when he was executed. In a recent controversy regarding the block on which Charles I. died, seven years after the death of Strafford, one piece of evidence was disregarded ; it was not pointed out how small were the fragments of the block which Charles II. distributed among his favourites. Had the block been one like the Balmerino block, which is shown in the Tower, there would have been plenty of wood to give away. I know one piece of King Charles's block which was given to the Duchess of Cleveland by Charles II., and it is only a tiny fragment, as it was likely to be if the King, like Strafford, lay down and put his neck upon a small bit of wood carved out to receive it.

After the execution of Lord Strafford, his body was taken to

Wentworth Woodhouse, his seat in Yorkshire, and buried in Wentworth church, seven miles from Hooton Roberts, if one was to believe the statement on the contemporary monument over his supposed tomb. But about ten years ago an examination of the tomb was made, and it was found that no burial had ever taken place there. The ground was tested under the monument inside the church, and also under the wall outside, but in neither case had the earth been previously disturbed. Now, looking to the probabilities, it is quite likely that Lady Strafford would wish her husband's body to be laid where she would be buried, and that accordingly she had it borne to Hooton Roberts. The remainder of her life would be passed in her dower house close by the church, and there she could guard his treasured remains. The times were disturbed, and outrages on tombs of political men were not unknown, and therefore the body would be safer if laid secretly to rest by her side.

Something of her manner of life in the manor house at Hooton Roberts is given in the following letter :

WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE: November 2, 1641.

To my very worthy friend, Mr. Alexander Hatfield, Fellow of Trinity College, near Dublin.

I hear, good Mr. Hatfield, immediately before my departure out of Dublin, upon discourse with Dr. Harding, I perceived that it would be no difficult matter to tempt you to leave that place (which does not deserve the blessing to enjoy men of your worth), and to return into your country. Upon which presumption I adventured to ask my lady, the Countess of Strafford, whether she would accept of your attendance to live with her in her house, who, after I had told her my opinion and knowledge of you, was very ready to accept of the notion. She intends to live very privately, and accordingly her allowance will be but £20 per annum, with provision for a house and servant. Her house is situated near your friend at Hooton Roberts, within three miles of Rotherham, and therefore, if you be pleased to accept of these conditions, her request is that you would make all the convenient speed you may and repair unto her. You will find her either there or else at Wentworth Woodhouse. If I be not extremely mistaken both in her disposition and yours, you will both of you take much contentment in living together. I shall desire you with all possible speed to hasten your journey, and with the first letter post to write me an answer. Direct your letter to Mr. Robert Cliffe at his house of the sign of the Angel in Holborn, over against Chancery Lane, London. Present my service, I pray you, to Mr. Provost. So I take my leave, and wishing you a speedy and safe passage, I rest, sir, your very affectionate friend and servant,

HUGH CRESSY.

On her death, Lady Strafford's will directed that she should be buried in Hooton church at night, that no one was to know the spot, and no monument or tombstone was to be erected to her memory. Why such secrecy, unless there was a secret to keep?

I must now tell my own, the rector's, story. The chancel of Hooton church is very small, and its breadth, including a south chapel, is only twenty-seven feet. Some years ago it was found necessary, owing to a complaint that the flags were damp, to make an air drain right across the chancel from north to south, to pass under the step on which the communicants kneel. It was decided that the depth of the drain was not to be more than two feet, and it seemed quite impossible that so shallow a trench should disturb any burials. The elevation of the sacarium is the same as it always was, as is shown by the fact that the present top of the communion table is two feet or more higher than the top of the pulpit. There was no reason to fear that the lowering of the ground at the time of the Reformation had brought any burials nearer to the surface, or the work would never have been undertaken. The process of making the trench was simply to take up the flags and remove the earth, replacing the flags on brick supports to allow a free passage of air below, and render the flags less damp.

I feel it is necessary to give very careful details of the remarkable discovery which took place on opening the trench, as everything depends on what was seen at the time. The work was put into the hands of a skilled mason, and one morning he came to tell me that two bodies, very much decomposed—in fact, all dust except a few bones—had been found just under the flags, lying north and south, not east and west; and now another coffin had appeared in a similar position. I went to the church, and found that immediately in front of the communion table a burial had taken place; as I stood in the trench, I could trace the outline of a coffin in the dry soil, its shape being that of a casket with sloping lid and sides. A fragment of the wood of the coffin showed that it had originally been studded with brass nails, and probably covered with cloth. The end of the coffin had fallen out, and a skull could be seen through the dust. When touched with the hand, the skull fell into the trench, leaving the vertebræ exposed. The mason put down his hand to gather them up and place them on the communion step. I was examining the skull at the moment, when the mason exclaimed, 'Why, one of these vertebræ has been cut clean in half!' At that time any thought of finding Lord Strafford's body had never crossed my mind, although I knew Lady Strafford was buried somewhere in the church; even when I saw the cut vertebra I did not at once realise the truth. This only dawned upon me afterwards when I had examined the bones of the other bodies. Before

reaching the body in front of the communion table, the workmen had found two others in line with it on the south side. Both were very much decayed; but one skull was perfect, and was undeniably that of an old woman, while other bones were those of a young person. Their appearances corresponded with the ages of Lady Strafford and her daughter, Lady Margaret, who died, as I have said, a girl of sixteen.

There are two anomalies in these burials which are hard to read: first, the bodies were placed north and south; and, secondly, they were only a few inches below the flagging. The flags are very old, some only eighteen inches broad, and they exactly covered the bodies in line. The history of the village gave no clue to such remarkable burials. There was only one house, the manor house, which could claim the distinction of burying within the church, and I knew the story of every person who had lived there from the days of Lady Strafford. I knew also their graves, and felt certain that none of them had ever been buried in such a fashion. It is curious that the mason should have noticed the cut vertebra, for he had no thought at all of whose the bones could be. Had he known that Lord Strafford could possibly have been buried there, perhaps his imagination might have suggested the rest. I am able, however, to corroborate his statement.

I submitted the bones to a surgeon for examination, but this was not until some time afterwards, for at the moment they were reverently gathered together and re-buried. When looked at a second time, the vertebra could not be found to identify the actual severance which only the mason and I had seen.

The surgeon reported that the skull which I showed him from the trench was that of an individual in the prime of life, and of more than ordinary capability. The other remains he pronounced to be those of a very old person and a child of about sixteen years.

Taking, then, the evidence from Wentworth of an unsuccessful search for Lord Strafford's body, the positive proof of three burials at Hooton Roberts, all corresponding in age with Lord Strafford, his widow, and their daughter, Lady Margaret, and reading at the same time the clause in Lady Strafford's will enjoining secrecy of burial, there can be little doubt that I inadvertently disturbed the remains of the great earl.

REGINALD A. GATTY.

*FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.*

## III.

THE one room in my College which I always enter with a certain sense of desolation and sadness is the College library. There used to be a story in my days at Cambridge of a book-collecting don who was fond of discoursing in public of the various crosses he had to bear. He was lamenting one day in Hall the unwieldy size of his library. 'I really don't know what to do with my books,' he said, and looked round for sympathy. 'Why not read them?' said a brisk and caustic Fellow opposite. It may be thought that I am in need of the same advice, but it is not the case. There are, indeed, many books in our library; but most of them, as D. G. Rossetti used to say in his childhood of his father's learned volumes, are 'no good for reading.' The books of the College library are delightful, indeed, to look at; rows upon rows of big irregular volumes, with tarnished tooling and faded gilding on the sun-scorched backs. What are they? old editions of classics, old volumes of controversial divinity, folios of the Fathers, topographical treatises, cumbrous philosophers, pamphlets from which, like dry ashes, the heat of the fire that warmed them once has fled. Take one down: it is an agreeable sight enough; there is a gentle scent of antiquity; the bumpy page crackles faintly; the big irregular print meets the eye with a pleasant and leisurely mellowness. But what do they tell one? Very little, alas! that one need know, very much which it would be a positive mistake to believe. That is the worst of erudition—that the next scholar sucks the few drops of honey that you have accumulated, sets right your blunders, and you are superseded. You have handed on the torch, perhaps, and even trimmed it. Your errors, your patient explanations, were a necessary step in the progress of knowledge; but even now the procession has turned the corner, and is out of sight.

Yet even here, it pleases me to think, some mute and unsuspected treasure may lurk unknown. In this very room, for over a couple of centuries, stood on one of the shelves an old rudely bound volume of blank paper, the pages covered with a curious straggling cipher; no one paid any heed to it, no one tried to spell its secrets.

But the day came when a Fellow who was both inquisitive and leisurely took up the old volume, and formed a resolve to decipher it. Through many baffling delays, through many patient windings, he carried his purpose out; and the result was a celebrated Day-book which cast much light upon the social conditions of the age, as well as revealed one of the most simple and genial personalities that ever marched blithely through the pages of a Diary.

But, in these days of cheap print and nasty paper, with a central library into which pours the annual cataract of literature, these little ancient libraries have no use left, save as repositories or store-rooms. They belong to the days when books were few and expensive; when few persons could acquire a library of their own; when lecturers accumulated knowledge that was not the property of the world; when notes were laboriously copied and handed on; when one of the joys of learning was the consciousness of possessing secrets not known to other men. An ancient Dean of Christ Church is said to have given three reasons for the study of Greek: the first was that it enabled you to read the words of the Saviour in the original tongue; the second, that it gave you a proper contempt for those who were ignorant of it; and the third was that it led to situations of emolument. What a rich aroma hangs about this judgment! The first reason is probably erroneous, the second is un-Christian, and the third is a gross motive which would equally apply to any professional training whatsoever.

Well, the knowledge of Greek, except for the schoolmaster and the clergyman, has not now the same obvious commercial value. Knowledge is more diffused, more accessible. It is no longer thought to be a secret, precious, rather terrible possession; the possessor is no longer venerated and revered; on the contrary, a learned man is rather considered likely to be tiresome. Old folios have, indeed, become merely the stock-in-trade of the illustrators of sensational novels. Who does not know the absurd old man, with white silky hair, velvet skull cap, and venerable appearance, who sits reading a folio at an oak table, and who turns out to be the villain of the piece, a mine of secret and unsuccessful wickedness? But no one in real life reads a folio now, because anything that is worth reprinting, as well as a good deal that is not, is reprinted in convenient form, if not in England, at least in Germany.

And the result of it is that these College libraries are almost wholly unvisited. It seems a pity, but it also seems inevitable.



I wish that some use could be devised for them, for these old books make at all events a very dignified and pleasant background, and the fragrance of well-warmed old leather is a delicate thing. But they are not even good places for working in, now that one has one's own books and one's own reading-chair. Moreover, if they were kept up to date, which would in itself be an expensive thing, there would come in the eternal difficulty of where to put the old books, which no one would have the heart to destroy.

Perhaps the best thing for a library like this would be not to attempt to buy books, but to subscribe like a club to a circulating library, and to let a certain number of new volumes flow through the place and lie upon the tables for a time. But, on the other hand, here in the University there seems to be little time for general reading; and indeed it is a great problem, as life goes on, as duties grow more defined, and as one becomes more and more conscious of the shortness of life, what the duty of a cultivated and open-minded man is with regard to general reading. I am inclined to think that as one grows older one may read less; it is impossible to keep up with the vast output of literature, and it is hard enough to find time to follow even the one or two branches in which one is specially interested. Almost the only books which, I think, it is a duty to read, are the lives of great contemporaries; one gets thus to have an idea of what is going on in the world, and to realise it from different points of view. New fiction, new poetry, new travels are very hard to peruse diligently. The effort, I confess, of beginning a new novel, of making acquaintance with an unfamiliar scene, of getting the individualities of a fresh group of people into one's head is becoming every year harder for me; but there are still one or two authors of fiction for whom I have a predilection, and whose works I look out for. New poetry demands an even greater effort; and as to travels, they are written so much in the journalistic style, and consist so much of the meals our traveller obtains at wayside stations, of conversations with obviously reticent and even unintelligent persons; they have so many photographs of places that are exactly like other places, and of comely people in grotesque costumes, like supers in a play, that one feels the whole thing to be hopelessly superficial and unreal. Imagine a journalistic foreigner visiting the University, lunching at the station refreshment room, hurrying to half a dozen of the best-known colleges, driving in a tram through the main thoroughfares, looking on at a football match, interviewing a Town Councillor,



and being presented to the Vice-Chancellor—what would be the profit of such a record as he could give us? What would he have seen of the quiet daily life, the interests, the home-current of the place? The only books of travel worth reading are those where a person has settled deliberately in an unknown place, really lived the life of the people, and penetrated the secret of the landscape and the buildings.

I wish very much that there was a really good literary paper, with an editor of catholic tastes, and half a dozen stimulating specialists on the staff, whose duty would be to read the books that came out, each in his own line, write reviews of appreciation and not of contemptuous fault-finding, let feeble books alone, and make it their business to tell ordinary people what to read, not saving them the trouble of reading the books that are worth reading, but sparing them the task of glancing at a good many books that are not worth reading. Literary papers, as a rule, either review a book with hopeless rapidity, or tend to lag behind too much. It would be of the essence of such a paper as I have described, that there should be no delay about telling one what to look out for, and at the same time that reviews should be deliberate and careful.

But I think that as one grows older one may take out a license, so to speak, to read less. One may go back to the old restful books, where one knows the characters well, hear the old remarks, survey the same scenes. One may meditate more upon one's stores, stroll about more, just looking at life, seeing the quiet things that are happening, and beaming through one's spectacles. One ought to have amassed, as life goes on and the shadows lengthen, a good deal of material for reflection. And, after all, reading is not in itself a virtue; it is only one way of passing the time; talking is another way, watching things another. Bacon says that reading makes a full man; well, I cannot help thinking that many people are full to the brim when they reach the age of forty, and that much which they afterwards put into the over-charged vase merely drips and slobbers uncomfortably down the side and foot.

The thing to determine then, as one's brain hardens or softens, is what the object of reading is. It is not, I venture to think, what used to be called the pursuit of knowledge. Of course, if a man is a professional teacher or a professional writer he must read for professional purposes, just as a coral insect must eat to

enable it to secrete the substances out of which it builds its branching house. But I am not here speaking of professional studies, but of general reading. I suppose that there are three motives for reading—the first, purely pleasurable; the second, intellectual; the third, what may be called ethical. As to the first, a man who reads at all, reads just as he eats, sleeps, and takes exercise, because he likes it; and that is probably the best reason that can be given for the practice. It is an innocent mode of passing the time, it takes one out of oneself, it is amusing. Of course, it can be carried to an excess; and a man may become a mere book-eater, as a man may become an opium-eater. I used at one time to go and stay with an old friend, a clergyman in a remote part of England. He was a bachelor and fairly well off. He did not care about exercise or his garden, and he had no taste for general society. He subscribed to the London Library and to a lending library in the little town where he lived, and he bought, too, a good many books. He must have spent, I used to calculate, about ten hours of the twenty-four in reading. He seemed to me to have read everything, old and new books alike, and he had an astonishing memory; anything that he put into his mind remained there exactly as fresh and clear as when he laid it away, so that he never needed to read a book twice. If he had lived at a University he would have been a useful man; if one wanted to know what books to read in any line, one had only to pick his brains. He could give one a list of authorities on almost every subject. But in his country parish he was entirely thrown away. He had not the least desire to make anything of his stores, or to write. He had not the art of expression, and he was a distinctly tiresome talker. His idea of conversation was to ask you whether you had read a number of modern novels. If he found one that you had not read, he sketched the plot in an intolerably prolix manner, so that it was practically impossible to fix the mind on what he was saying. He seemed to have no preferences in literature whatever; his one desire was to read everything that came out, and his only idea of a holiday was to go up to London and get lists of books from a bookseller. That is, of course, an extreme case; and I cannot help feeling that he would have been nearly as usefully employed if he had confined himself to counting the number of words in the books he read. But, after all, he was interested and amused; and a perfectly contented man.

As to the intellectual motive for reading, it hardly needs dis-

cussing ; the object is to get clear conceptions, to arrive at a critical sense of what is good in literature, to have a knowledge of events and tendencies of thought, to take a just view of history and of great personalities ; not to be at the mercy of theorists, but to be able to correct a faulty bias by having a large and wide view of the progress of events and the development of thought. One who reads from this point of view will generally find some particular line which he tends to follow, some special region of the mind where he is desirous to know all that can be known ; but he will, at the same time, wish to acquaint himself in a general way with other departments of thought, so that he may be interested in subjects in which he is not wholly well-informed, and be able to listen, even to ask intelligent questions, in matters with which he has no minute acquaintance. Such a man, if he steers clear of the contempt for indefinite views which is often the curse of men with clear and definite minds, makes the best kind of talker, stimulating and suggestive ; his talk seems to open doors into gardens and corridors of the house of thought ; and others, whose knowledge is fragmentary, would like to be at home, too, in that pleasant palace. But it is of the essence of such talk that it should be natural and attractive, not professional or didactic. People who are not used to Universities tend to believe that academical persons are invariably formidable. They think of them as possessed of vast stores of precise knowledge, and actuated by a merciless desire to detect and to ridicule deficiencies of attainment among unprofessional people. Of course, there are people of this type to be found at a University, just as in all other professions it is possible to find uncharitable specialists who despise persons of hazy and leisurely views. But my own impression is that it is a rare type among University dons ; I think that it is far commoner at the University to meet men of great attainments combined with sincere humility and charity, for the simple reason that the most erudite specialist at a University becomes aware both of the wide diversity of knowledge and of his own limitations as well.

Personally, direct bookish talk is my abomination. A knowledge of books ought to give a man a delicate allusiveness, an aptitude for pointed quotation. A book ought to be only incidentally, not anatomically, discussed ; and I am pleased to be able to think that there is a good deal of this allusive talk at the University, and that the only reason that there is not more is that professional demands are so insistent, and work so thorough, that academical

persons cannot keep up their general reading as they would like to do.

And then we come to what I have called, for want of a better word, the ethical motive for reading ; it might sound at first as if I meant that people ought to read improving books, but that is exactly what I do not mean. I have very strong opinions on this point, and hold that what I call the ethical motive for reading is the best of all—indeed the only true one. And yet I find a great difficulty in putting into words what is a very elusive and delicate thought. But my belief is this. As I make my slow pilgrimage through the world, a certain sense of beautiful mystery seems to gather and grow. I see that many people find the world dreary—and, indeed, there must be spaces of dreariness in it for us all—some find it interesting ; some surprising ; some find it entirely satisfactory. But those who find it satisfactory seem to me, as a rule, to be tough, coarse, healthy natures, who find success attractive and food digestible ; who do not trouble their heads very much about other people, but go cheerfully and optimistically on their way, closing their eyes as far as possible to things painful and sorrowful, and getting all the pleasure they can out of material enjoyments.

Well, to speak very sincerely and humbly, such a life seems to me the worst kind of failure. It is the life that men were living in the days of Noah, and out of such lives comes nothing that is wise or useful or good. Such men leave the world as they found it, except for the fact that they have eaten a little way into it, like a mite into a cheese, and leave a track of decomposition behind them.

I do not know why so much that is hard and painful and sad is interwoven with our life here ; but I see, or seem to see, that it is meant to be so interwoven. All the best and most beautiful flowers of character and thought seem to me to spring up in the track of suffering ; and, what is the most sorrowful of all mysteries, the mystery of death, the ceasing to be, the relinquishing of our hopes and dreams, the breaking of our dearest ties, becomes more solemn and awe-inspiring the nearer we advance to it.

I do not mean that we are to go and search for unhappiness ; but, on the other hand, the only happiness worth seeking for is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eyes and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be tranquil in their presence.

In this mood, and it is a mood which no thoughtful man can hope or ought to wish to escape, reading becomes less and less a searching for instructive and impressive facts, and more and more a quest after wisdom and truth and emotion. More and more I feel the impenetrability of the mystery that surrounds us ; the phenomena of nature, the discoveries of science, instead of raising the veil, seem only to make the problem more complex, more bizarre, more insoluble ; the investigation of the laws of light, of electricity, of chemical action, of the causes of disease, the influence of heredity—all these things may minister to our convenience and our health, but they make the mind of God, the nature of the First Cause, an infinitely more mysterious and inconceivable problem.

But there still remain, inside, so to speak, of these astonishing facts, a whole range of intimate personal phenomena, of emotion, of relationship, of mental or spiritual conceptions, such as beauty, affection, righteousness, which seem to be an even nearer concern, even more vital to our happiness than the vast laws of which it is possible for men to be so unconscious, that centuries have rolled past without their being investigated.

And thus in such a mood reading becomes a patient tracing out of human emotion, human feeling, when confronted with the sorrows, the hopes, the motives, the sufferings which beckon us and threaten us on every side. One desires to know what pure and wise and high-hearted natures have made of the problem ; one desires to let the sense of beauty—that most spiritual of all pleasures—sink deeper into the heart ; one desires to share the thoughts and hopes, the dreams and visions, in the strength of which the human spirit has risen superior to suffering and death.

And thus, as I say, the reading that is done in such a mood has little of precise acquisition or definite attainment about it ; it is a desire rather to feed and console the spirit, to enter the region in which it seems better to wonder than to know, to aspire rather than to define, to hope rather than to be satisfied. A spirit which walks expectantly along this path grows to learn that the secret of such happiness as we can attain lies in simplicity and courage, in sincerity and loving-kindness ; it grows more and more averse to material ambitions and mean aims ; it more and more desires silence and recollection and contemplation. In this mood, the words of the wise fall like the tolling of sweet grave bells upon the soul, the dreams of poets come like music heard at evening from the depth of some enchanted forest, wafted over a wide

water ; we know not what instrument it is whence the music wells, by what fingers swept, by what lips blown ; but we know that there is some presence there that is sorrowful or glad, who has power to translate his dream into the concord of sweet sounds. Such a mood need not withdraw us from life, from toil, from kindly relationships, from deep affections ; but it will rather send us back to life with a renewed and joyful zest, with a desire to discern the true quality of beautiful things, of fair thoughts, of courageous hopes, of wise designs. It will make us tolerant and forgiving, patient with stubbornness and prejudice, simple in conduct, sincere in word, gentle in deed ; with pity for weakness, with affection for the lonely and the desolate, with admiration for all that is noble and serene and strong.

Those who read in such a spirit will tend to resort more and more to large and wise and beautiful books, to press the sweetness out of old familiar thoughts, to look more for warmth and loftiness of feeling than for elaborate and artful expression. They will value more and more books that speak to the soul, rather than books that appeal to the ear and to the mind. They will realise that it is through wisdom and force and nobility that books retain their hold upon the hearts of men, and not by briskness and colour and epigram. A mind thus stored may have little grasp of facts, little garniture of paradox and jest ; but it will be full of compassion and hope, of gentleness and joy. . . .

Well, this thought has taken me a long way from the College library, where the old books look somewhat pathetically from the shelves, like aged dogs wondering why no one takes them for a walk. Monuments of pathetic labour, tasks patiently fulfilled through slow hours ! But yet I am sure that a great deal of joy went to the making of them, the joy of the old scholar who settled down soberly among his papers, and heard the silvery bell above him tell out the dear hours that, perhaps, he would have delayed if he could. Yes, the old books are a tender-hearted and a joyful company ; the days slip past, the sunlight moves round the court, and steals warmly for an hour or two into the deserted room. Life—delightful life—spins merrily past ; the perennial stream of youth flows on ; and perhaps the best that the old books can do for us is to bid us cast back a wistful and loving thought into the past, a little gift of love for the old labourers who wrote so diligently in the forgotten hours, till the weary, failing hand laid down the familiar pen, and soon lay silent in the dust.



## *THE KING'S REVOKE.<sup>1</sup>*

BY MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS.

### CHAPTER XV.

ON one side of the gravelled court of the Castle of Valençay, but on a lower level, ran a terrace, bounded by the drop of the containing wall. It was a drop so deep that the tall tree-tops waved their plumes of green, sprinkled here and there with the brightness of blossom, on a level with the terrace. It had been laid out as a formal garden, but was now untended, and no flowers were blowing there except a few bushes of cluster roses, of the kind that luxuriate in neglect. In the near distance a blue stream ran 'in loops and links' through a little meadowy vale, and beyond and above the misty green of a belting wood, on a hillside bright with young corn, white cottages sparkled in sunshine. Over all was arched a sky intensely blue, in which a few white clouds were wandering.

There was company on the terrace. Talleyrand, unexpectedly obliged to visit his estates, had filled the castle as it used to be filled in the early days of the Spanish princes' captivity. Perhaps it was to create a wholesome diversion in the life of piety and seclusion with which the young men appeared so unnaturally contented; perhaps to relieve himself of the tedium of their society. At any rate, he had raked in guests hurriedly, as it were, from the highways and hedges. This, no doubt, was what his cousin the Duchesse de Chastelard had meant when, having slowly surveyed the company and finally rested a petrifying eye on Madame Gérard, she had said, in a high, cracked voice:

'But, my cousin, I thought there were to be people here, and there is nobody, positively nobody.'

And Madame Gérard had not even noticed the look or the remark. To her Madame la Duchesse de Chastelard, born de Talleyrand de Périgord, represented nothing at all, except an old

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1905, by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, in the United States of America.

figure of fun the Prince was good-natured enough to invite. To bring these two women together was a favourite diversion of Talleyrand's. The insolence of the Duchess, that insolence of the noble Degenerates from whom he sprung, stirred certain chords in his own nature, while the powerful and self-poised personality of Madame Gérard touched others yet more strongly; for it was by riding triumphantly over every species of prejudice, by sheer personal weight that he had pushed his way to the front of the tempestuous crowd which had surged over the ruins of that old world into which he had been born, which to his cousin still appeared to be standing. Moreover, he had a further and more particular reason for his partiality to Madame Gérard. A Frenchman and a lame man, there was nothing in his whole career on which he prided himself more than on his conquest of women. There had once been certain passages between them, and he believed himself to represent the romance of this beautiful, gifted, and virtuous woman's life. It was a delusion of which she was too intelligent to deprive him.

Armchairs had been brought out on the terrace. For reasons of vanity the Prince de Benevente always avoided standing, and the two ladies were seated on each side of him. As Madame Gérard took the lion's share of the conversation, the Duchess found herself reduced to addressing a few remarks to the Princess—an attention the Prince did not demand from his guests, since he, so renowned for his good breeding in every other relation of life, did not observe even the forms of courtesy towards his wife. At a little distance most of the company were gathered round Blanche Chester and Caroline, who were performing the fashionable shawl dance to the sound of Perrico's guitar, and under the tuition of Pascual Villarta, since the dance was of Spanish origin. But Caroline was absent-minded and made mistakes; for she could not forget that Charlesworth was standing in the bastion at one end of the terrace with the General's wife on his arm. Talleyrand, to whose notice Madame Gérard had years before recommended the young Englishman, had sent for him to sort some papers and rearrange the library, so cruelly mangled by Don Antonio. The General was there also, and from time to time rolled menacing eyes in the direction of the isolated couple. And Charlesworth would have smiled had he seen it, for, according to a plan suggested by d'Haguerty, he aimed at rousing the ever-vigilant and ever-deceived husband's jealousy. In the other bastion were the

King, the Marquesa de Santa Coloma, and Diego, the Abbé. There was a marble bench in the bastion, but Luz sat on the low curving boundary wall. A yew-tree, clinging to a mound of earth below, contrived to fling the darkness of its branches above the wall behind her. She was all in white—a white turban round her head, a white crape scarf about her bare shoulders. Talleyrand's eyes approved her beauty from a distance; Don Fernando's from very near. He leaned on an urn beside her, an elegant figure in his usual black dress with white shirt-frill. The Abbé, sacerdotally attired, sat on the bench and thrummed a guitar very unsacerdotally. The King liked his comic songs better than Perrico's, of which he was tired.

Diego had not failed to tell the King about the Marquesa's sacrifice of her necklace—her only personal possession, and one of the treasures of the Villarta family. Such a proof of loyalty from so lovely a creature produced the desired impression. The only obstacle to the fulfilment of the Abbé's design was Luz herself. He saw that she perplexed the King, discouraged, perhaps even bored him. The ladies of the Spanish Court were celebrated for a seductive liveliness, a license of speech equalled only by their license of conduct, and surpassed only by their devoutness. Luzita was devout—Ferdinand would have shuddered at the notion of taking a mistress who was not—but the intensity of her devotion to her King made her shy in his company. She had been reared in a still and truly pious seclusion, and if there were in her nature any of the fiery passion of the South, it had been drawn up into the region of spiritual devotions. But Ferdinand did not want a spiritual devotion; he wanted to dip his red lips once more in the red wine of a Southern passion. The Abbé knew that well enough, and sometimes when he was caressing his sister with his plump white hand, he would have liked to pull out handfuls of her beautiful hair, and leave the marks of his nails on her beautiful arms and shoulders. But the day before he had heard her singing *seguidillas* and *coplas*, learnt from an Andalusian nurse, to Caroline Gérard; and she had surprised him.

Footmen, some in the red and yellow livery of Spain, some in that of Talleyrand, appeared on the top of the steps leading down from the courtyard, bearing silver trays with little refreshments upon them. Refreshments mechanically attract even the best-fed crowds, and the rest of the company drifted up to that side of the terrace. Ferdinand, however, did not move, and the Abbé went

on thrumming the guitar, looking at the King and the Marquesa out of the corner of his eye.

'I wish I had your memory for *seguidillas*, Luzita,' he said at length. 'I cannot even remember one. They are so truly Spanish I am sure His Majesty would like to hear you sing one.'

'Ah—you sing?' inquired the King. 'I did not know.'  
Luz hesitated and blushed.

'I cannot sing properly—not like ladies who have been taught.'

'If you sang what you call properly,' said her brother, 'that is, in the Italian fashion, you would not sing Spanish songs as they ought to be sung. Is not that true, Majesty?'

'Very true, Abbé; and I must insist on the Marquesa singing me something very Spanish in a very Spanish manner. An artificial singer cannot render this music of ours, which is full of the naturalness of ardent love, like the heart of a Spanish woman. You, Marquesa, who have surely such a heart, must be able to sing it.'

Ferdinand spoke without sincerity, but the Abbé chimed in eagerly:

'What marvellous penetration your Majesty possesses! My dear sister is shy; she is modest, and dull people think her cold. Ah, how little they know her heart!'—'But I do know it,' he added to himself, 'and believe there is not such another stupid little frog as Luzita in all Spain.'

He handed the guitar to Luz, who, after some modest hesitation, began to sing the *seguidillas* she had learnt from her nurse exactly in the manner she had been taught to sing them. Her voice was not powerful, but it was sweet, for all its nasal intonation. The hot passion of the South quivered through the music's wavering semitones as in high noon the air quivers over a burning land. It seemed some primal natural sound, like the insistent ringing of cicalas in shadeless fields of June, the cooing of turtle-doves in the deep shade of ilex woods; fields over which the feet of Venus pass, woods that darken above her shrine. Thus sung Luzita in perfect innocence of soul, and, looking anxiously for her King's approval when she had sung her first song, found his black eyes wide open, brilliant, and fixed upon her with an expression somewhat difficult to read. He thanked her graciously.

'You must sing again,' he said, 'but for the moment please jangle the guitar while I speak to your brother about this plan of ours. Your sister has an excellent idea, Abbé.'

'My sister—an idea?' questioned the Abbe, with irrepressible sarcasm.

'Yes; she has even spoken to Talleyrand about it; and you know the old fox is soft where a pretty woman is concerned.'

'But what is it?'

'It is about this eternal question of my income, which the Emperor never pays me. The Marquesa recommends me to send you to Paris to remind San Carlos to remind other people that we exist. And she is right; for you know, Abbé, that with recommendations from Talleyrand and your reputation as an *afrancesado* you could easily do your legitimate King a little service without compromising yourself—without offending your dear Intrusive too much.'

The Abbé was thunderstruck; he was bursting with fury so that he could hardly conceal it. Was it possible that Luzita, whose simplicity he mistook for stupidity, was really sly, and had sprung a mine under him? No! Why should she? He concluded he was the victim of some outburst of sentimental folly on her part. And he was wrong. Luz had not heard or seen anything of Patrick Dillon since his appearance at the carnival until after her arrival at Valençay. She had some days ago received a missive, she knew not how, giving her certain information and begging her to find some means of getting Diego out of the way, as his presence at Valençay had been a disagreeable surprise to the conspirators. It was probable that he would recognise Patrick, and they felt that their secret might not be safe in his hands. The Marquesa felt that, too, though she blushed to own, even to herself, that her brother was not to be trusted. But how could they expect her to outwit one so much cleverer than herself? She thought constantly about it, and prayed for assistance. Then when the King was complaining to her, as he frequently did to the few whom he trusted, of the state of penury in which he was kept, the income he had been promised being steadily withheld by the French Government, a plan for at once assisting the King and getting rid of Diego occurred to her. She acted on the idea without mentioning it to the Abbé. Perhaps the little sister had profited more than he supposed by associating with him for so many weeks.

Now while the Abbé was doing his best to resist this new plan of the King's, but quite uselessly, since his opposition only roused Ferdinand's love of domination, Luz saw three persons descending

the steps from the courtyard to the terrace—an elderly man, a young lady, and a servant carrying a large box. Through the faint twanging of her guitar, she heard the voice of the footman resounding the name of Bernstein. Of what use now the promising development of her plan for the removal of Diego before the arrival of the King's deliverers? They were already arrived. The broad white lids drooped over her eyes, and for a moment the fire of springing tears burned beneath them. Then, scorning her own cowardice and want of faith, she breathed an ardent prayer to the Blessed Virgin before bending all the powers of her mind to solve the problem of leading the King towards the newcomers and Diego away from them. The Abbé could not leave the bastion before Ferdinand did so, and to detain him there seemed the most pressing necessity. She had noticed the eyes of the King fixed upon her while she sang, and raised her eyes to his with a meaning which bewildered him.

'Stay here a little,' she whispered.

This access of coquetry on the part of the Marquesa took Ferdinand so much by surprise that at first it stirred only a certain savage sense of humour.

'Let me have the guitar,' he said. 'I cannot sing, but I can laugh to it.'

He perched himself on the marble bench, his right leg akimbo resting on his left knee, and rolled his black eyes mockingly from sister to brother and back, while he touched the guitar with an unpractised but not inept hand. With his black love-locks on the temples, the mingling of grace and of vulgar impudence in his attitude and air, he wanted but the costume to be the very model of a *majo* or a bull-fighter of Madrid; and it was with the very voice and accent of a *majo* that he trolled:

Crystal fountain, well serene,  
He who washes here his kerchief  
Would like to know—  
Ha, ha, ha!  
What below—  
Ha, ha, ha!  
Thou holdest.  
Ha ha, ha ha ha!

He went on laughing mockingly to the music.

Meantime the pseudo-Bernsteins were displaying their wares to the company on the terrace. Armed with innumerable papers, they had passed safely through the pickets of mounted gendarmes



which guarded the castle, and more than safely through an interview with the Governor. M. de Bartélemy had conscientiously examined the contents of Bernstein's cases before admitting him to the presence of the Spanish princes, and the dealer had professed himself amazed by the Governor's taste and knowledge. Bernstein was a large, smooth-shaven man of a red complexion, while his daughter's was of a dazzling fairness. Yet her delicately drawn eyebrows were dark, and when she lifted her sedulously lowered eyelids they exhibited a pair of blue eyes so bright and alert as to throw suspicion on the meekness of her general bearing and expression.

The dealer opened his cases and displayed a collection of *bric-à-brac* and jewellery, various in quality. His daughter assisted him, but looked furtively round meantime, hoping to see the Marquesa de Santa Coloma, and above all the King of Spain. The conversation passing between Bernstein and the company floated past Patrick as idle noise. He awaited the supreme moment which was to bring him face to face with his sovereign, with Ferdinand VII., the idol of Spain, for whom he himself, young as he was, had fought and suffered so much already, for whom he was even now proudly placing his young life 'on the hazard of a die.' The recognition of Don Carlos gave him a minor thrill; and presently his bright-glancing eyes lighted on the group in the bastion. There he saw in flesh and blood Ferdinand VII., whose beloved features were as well known to every Spaniard as his own, taking a guitar from the Marquesa. Luzita was a good sight, too, but nothing in comparison with the King. He saw only the back of the third person, a cleric, but that back was enough to alloy the pure gold of his happiness. D'Haguerty had insisted—and he himself had agreed—that it was impossible to further postpone their first visit to the castle. They must take the presence of that doubtful personage, Diego Villarta, as one among many risks. The Marquesa must look after her brother. And Luzita was praying fervently for his removal. It may be that the impulse of her prayer reached Don Carlos, or perhaps the gleaming and furtive glances of Mademoiselle Bernstein in his direction roused that watch-dog of suspicion anent Napoleon's female agents which in his bosom never slumbered with more than one eye closed. At any rate, he suddenly recollected that he had made a resolution to perform sundry lengthy devotions in the castle chapel before supper, and, taking the Abbé—to whose blandishments he had completely

succumbed—by the arm, he begged him to be his associate in them. The Abbé, who looked on devoutness as an indispensable part of good manners, especially in the company of these pious princes, accompanied him without so much as a passing glance at the dealer and his daughter. Ferdinand and the Marquesa slowly rejoined the rest of the company.

Now full of reverent joy, Patrick Dillon stood in the very presence of his King. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the leading part of the performance fell to d'Haguerty, who on his part experienced no emotion whatever when he found himself bareheaded and bowing low before a young man in black, of elegant and dignified appearance—unless, indeed, the emotion of a gambler on making acquaintance with his hand.

'It is well you have come, Highness,' said Talleyrand to the King; 'for de Barthélemy is devoured with jealousy at your remaining so long in the company of our fair Marquesa.'

M. de Barthélemy burst into an eager defence of himself against the tender and totally false aspersion. Prince Talleyrand continued:

'And Madame Gérard and I are disputing an article to which your Highness has surely the first claim; for it is a fine clock which once belonged to a member of your family—the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.'

Ferdinand cast a cold eye on the lyre-shaped clock.

'I don't care for these old-fashioned things; and besides'—touching the paste circle of the pendulum—'these diamonds are not real. I am accustomed to the diamonds of Brazil, and would not give ten francs for false stones.'

'You are quite right, Highness!' exclaimed Madame Gérard, remembering Mademoiselle Panache's emeralds, and rolling expressive eyes at Featherstone. 'I also love only real diamonds, but the poor General is not rich enough to buy them for me.'

'When one has gone sword in hand to the jewellers' shops of Genoa and Turin, one does not humiliate oneself by paying thousands of francs for diamonds, like a wretched civilian,' returned the General, twisting his moustache and glaring at Featherstone, whose countenance betrayed the miserable dilemma in which he found himself.

'And you, Marquesa?' questioned the King, looking smilingly at Luzita. 'Do you not also love precious stones?'

'I think not, Highness,' she answered, meeting his smile with

her own. 'At least, I did not regret parting with the only valuable ones I possessed.'

'You will never regret it,' returned the King; 'you will have others, and you must love those. Beautiful women ought to love beautiful things, ought they not, Princess?'

'Certainly, Highness,' interposed Madame Gaspard, brushing the King's face with her gaudy plumes as she greedily searched through the dealer's wares. 'But then only Frenchwomen have taste. Is not that so, Duchess?'

'And only Frenchwomen of quality and the *bourgeoises* of Paris. Ordinary provincial Frenchwomen have none,' returned the Duchess, turning eyes of equally frank contempt on the gaudy trappings of Madame la Générale and the exquisite Parisian costumes of the ladies Gérard. The elder of these would doubtless have riposted, had she not been in the act of responding to a low-voiced invitation of Talleyrand's to retreat with him for a few moments to the bastion vacated by Ferdinand.

'I have never wanted for taste, I,' asserted Madame Gaspard firmly. 'My counsels are frequently asked on such matters. You will not waste your time, sir'—she addressed Bernstein—'in showing me your jewellery; for, though I am too poor to buy it myself, my recommendation will be of service in procuring you customers.'

'For the moment, Madame,' returned Bernstein politely, 'I have almost nothing. My business is rather with *articles de vertu*, although I also dispose of unset diamonds for Antwerp clients, since they gain in value so much when set with the exquisite French taste. I have one old necklace, certainly, which contains very fine stones, but——'

'Let me see it!' she cried eagerly.

Bernstein was perhaps sorry he had mentioned the necklace. He remembered that the Abbé would recognise it more easily than Patrick's face.

'My daughter is wearing it,' he said, with hesitation. 'Maria, my child——'

Mademoiselle Bernstein's insipid smile gave way to an alarming frown as she turned on her father. She pulled her scarf tight round her shoulders, and cried, with a foreign accent and in a voice somewhat untunable for a young girl:

'What are you talking about, papa? This old necklace is all very well for me, but it is not fit for a beautiful lady like that.'

Patrick had his own view about Luzita's necklace, and apart from the danger the exhibition of it would involve in case of Diego's reappearance, it made his blood boil to think of the Villarta diamonds passing into such hands as Madame Gaspard's.

'Nonsense!' cried Madame Gaspard, 'I insist upon seeing it! Fine diamonds, did you say, sir, and you allow a girl like this to wear them?'

She laid a hand on Mademoiselle Bernstein's scarf.

'Show the necklace to Madame la Générale, my daughter,' said Bernstein gravely.

Mademoiselle Bernstein reluctantly loosened her scarf. In spite of the warmth of the weather, her blue silk dress was made high at the throat, and she wore the necklace under it.

'A strange notion, indeed!' ejaculated Madame Gaspard, scornfully.

Mademoiselle Bernstein opened her dress and showed just a glimpse of the necklace. But that was enough. Madame Gaspard knew diamonds when she saw them, and she pulled out as much of the necklace as she could, making a little noise of appreciation. She summoned Featherstone to her side.

'It would be worth your while to buy these diamonds, if you can do so reasonably, M. Fedderston. Figure to yourself this girl wearing them under her dress! I cannot see many of them, but they seem fine, although the setting is wretchedly old-fashioned.'

'It seems a large necklace,' he stammered; 'I am hardly in funds to——'

'Then buy some of the diamonds out of it; they are quite worth having, and it is very certain you are still rich enough to do that.' Madame Gaspard smiled bitterly, and Featherstone, who had suspected it before, became certain that she knew about the emeralds.

'Very well, Madame,' he said precipitately, 'I will buy ten thousand francs worth of diamonds out of it, and you shall—you shall keep them for me until—until I marry.'

'It is not worth breaking up my necklace for that,' said Mademoiselle Bernstein, firmly withdrawing the necklace from Madame Gaspard's clutches and moving towards the Marquesa. 'Madame is Spanish, I am told. Well, this is a Spanish necklace, and I think it would well become the neck of a Spanish beauty.'

After all, if the necklace went back to Luzita's hands temporarily nothing would be changed; even the Count could not complain.

And she was the one woman there who knew the desirability of hiding it from Diego.

'It is my necklace, Marquise,' continued Mademoiselle Bernstein, casting a defiant look at her father; 'I do not like it to be destroyed. If I must part with it I will sell it to Madame la Marquise; she shall have it cheap.'

Pretending to show Luz the necklace, Patrick whispered in Spanish, 'Take it.'

'I think I should like to have this necklace,' said Luz, hesitatingly, looking at Patrick to see whether she was saying what he meant her to say.

The King had been idly fingering a little *étui* furnished with gold embroidery implements, which had Marie Antoinette's cipher upon it. He looked up, suddenly animated.

'It would give you pleasure to have this necklace, Marquesa?' he asked in a low voice, seeking her eyes with his own, between the rapid movements of her agitated fan. Patrick peeped behind it and made a hideous face, indicating that she should say 'yes.' Between the absurdity of his grimace and the absurdity of accepting her own necklace from the King, when the royal eyes found hers, Luzita was smiling quite broadly, showing her dimples and the pearly teeth between her pink young lips.

'I—I think I should like to have it, Highness,' she replied.

Ferdinand was surprised, but above all enchanted. What sudden sunbeam had thawed the snows of this fair bosom?

'I want this necklace,' he said, turning to the dealer. 'I will give you your price for it.'

Bernstein stood there bewildered by his partner's manoeuvres. For the King of Spain to buy the diamonds which were to be sold for his own benefit would indeed be an impotent conclusion. He mentioned a sum at hazard, seeking to put him off.

'For the whole necklace, Highness, I would ask eighty thousand francs.'

The King heard the sum named without moving an eyelid.

'Very well, I will take it. Let Mademoiselle show it to the Marquesa,' he said loftily to Bernstein; and low and soft in Spanish, to Luz, 'How good of you to allow me this pleasure!'

But de Barthélemy was attentive. The ridges of his forehead became mountainous, and having used his bandana with unusual vehemence, he laid his hand on the King's arm and said in an exasperated voice:

'Highness ! consider. Eighty—thousand—francs !'

Ferdinand looked haughtily at the hand laid upon him until de Barthélemy withdrew it. Then he replied coldly :

'That may appear much to a private individual. To an Infante of Spain it is a bagatelle.'

'A bagatelle !' repeated de Barthélemy, in an agony. 'I beg of your Highness to consider the state of your Highness's finances.'

'Sir, that is the concern of no one except myself. Mademoiselle'—Ferdinand turned to the supposed Mademoiselle Bernstein—'take off that necklace and show it to the Marquesa de Santa Coloma.'

De Barthélemy flapped round :

'Highness, I must protest—I really must protest.'

Ferdinand stared coldly in front of him, silent and swallowing fury ; Mademoiselle Bernstein was taking off the necklace as quickly as she could.

M. de Barthélemy caught hold of M. Gérard and brought him up close to the King.

'I regret much to annoy your Highness,' said the Governor in a whisper, which, however, carried further than he thought, 'but M. Gérard will tell you that your account at his bank is already overdrawn up to the limit that the Emperor permits.'

The King's black eyes blazed on the pallid little banker.

'The Emperor, sir, owes me twenty times as much as I owe you.'

M. Gérard trembled.

'Alas, Highness ! It is very possible, but I dare not—' He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands.

'You refuse, then, M. Gérard, to advance me this sum, to which I have a just claim ?'

'Highness, I am profoundly afflicted, quite desolated, but I—no, I positively dare not. The Emperor, you understand—'

It seemed for a moment as though the name of the Emperor had produced its usual effect upon Ferdinand. He was silent and looked on the ground. But he was a young man, and this insult was put upon him in the presence of a beautiful woman of whom he had begun to be enamoured. He cast from him the smooth and coward mask, behind which usually lay hid the features of a Spaniard and a Bourbon. It was the descendant of Charles V. who turned his stately head, the dark dignity of his countenance, upon de Barthélemy.



'The Emperor then, Monsieur the Governor, intends me to be treated not merely as a prisoner, but as a child who must ask permission before buying a toy which he desires.'

De Barthélemy writhed in a misery of fussiness and real compunction.

'Highness, I regret infinitely, but my responsibility to the Emperor—in fine, I dare not permit this expenditure.'

Ferdinand turned from him and took a few steps towards the Marquesa, exceedingly pale, and with an air of frozen pride which chilled even the heat of loyal anger in her blood.

'Madame,' he said, 'when I offered you this trifle of a necklace I only remembered that I was an Infante of Spain, and that you were my countrywoman and my friend. The Governor reminds me that I am a prisoner, and not permitted to enjoy the most ordinary privilege of a gentleman—that of giving a present to a lady whom he admires.'

He bowed slightly in farewell, and, making his way through the little crowd which divided before him, with an air and carriage of incomparable dignity, slowly mounted the flight of steps leading towards the castle.

## CHAPTER XVI.

ALONG a close-shaded alley of the Park of Valençay a young man and a young woman were walking arm-in-arm in close converse. The path slanted down a steep slope towards the meadow valley, where the stream ran in close curves, crossed here and there by rustic bridges. But for all the shade of the high arching trees and the laurel plantations, the pair were visible from above, at the point where they stood still, facing each other. The young woman planted her hand on her companion's shoulder and laughed with a peculiar cracked laugh, like a boy's.

'Oh, Carrie!' cried Blanche Chester, who was walking on the path just above—and squeezed Caroline's arm, which was through her own—'fancy Mr. Charlesworth going on like that with the girl who came with the dealer. I never should have thought he was that kind of man, would you?'

'Don't look, Blanche,' returned Caroline austere, yet unable to resist rolling her own eyes in the same direction. 'What a horrid girl! And, in effect, Mr. Charlesworth is behaving in a strange manner to-day.'

She put her chin in the air and quickened her pace.

'I don't think it can be only to-day,' affirmed Blanche, happy in the half-possession of a scandal. 'Mrs. Brenton and Mamma were speaking of him the other day, and I don't quite know what they were talking about, but I did hear Mrs. Brenton say that, considering how difficult earnest Christians found it to resist the devil, it was not to be wondered at if a young man like Mr. Charlesworth gave way to him.'

Caroline set her parasol at a defiant angle.

'My Mamma says—when without doubt she does not expect me to be listening—that Englishwomen have ridiculous hypocrite ideas about men.'

But the little hand that held the little parasol trembled, and the suppressed irritation in the voice was not all directed against Miss Blanche and the British matron.

Meanwhile Charlesworth, whose perceptions were acute, had been made aware, by the interchange of a word, a glance with Caroline on the terrace, that she was offended with him, and guessed the General's wife to be the cause. He had glimpsed her too, up there beyond the laurels; and he expressed annoyance at the familiar manner in which Patrick Dillon hung upon his arm. Accordingly, when Patrick Dillon clapped him on the shoulder and laughed, the sham young lady was saying:

'*Qué demonio!* What does it matter if somebody does see you? One would think you were a *padre* or a girl to be married. And are you sure that if I follow this path I shall come to the cavern you spoke of?'

'Yes—you cannot miss it. The stone of which the castle is built was all quarried out of the cliff, and one of the caves runs in a long distance.'

'Thanks. I will go and explore it. Meantime you must manage to communicate with the King. Good God! I don't wonder he has shut himself up and will see no one. Charlesworth, I dare not think of the insult I have seen put upon him, and in public. But how he bore himself! What majesty! What self-control! He is indeed a king to live and die for, a king worthy of his country, whatever you damned republicans may say. But I mustn't waste time on sentiment. Look here—you must get d'Haguerty out of the clutches of that devil of a Governor and let the Marquesa know where we are. Afterwards you had better come in this direction yourself and see that none of the young

ladies come poking their little noses into the quarry, for it sounds exactly the kind of dark, dirty place young ladies call romantic. *Au revoir*, and mind, the principal matter is to send us the King.'

Mademoiselle Bernstein then tripped away down the path by herself, blowing an ostentatious kiss to her cavalier, which, in spite of the two young ladies' dignified resolve not to look, they somehow contrived to see.

But although the shaft of Caroline's displeasure stuck deep in Charlesworth's consciousness, he had no leisure to brood upon it. He hurried to the King's apartments to find the door barred and Perrico afraid to deliver even a letter. By feigning a message from Talleyrand, Charlesworth released the Count from the Governor, who was contemplating the purchase of some small article, and explained to d'Haguerty the favourableness of the place and moment for an interview with the King, the impossibility of penetrating to the royal apartments.

'And you never thought of the fair lady of the diamonds, Mr. Charlesworth?' questioned the Count, with a grin. 'Fie, fie! I fancied you more intelligent.'

'The Marquise de Santa Coloma?' The Count's suggestion and the manner of it displeased Charlesworth. 'I should scruple to make use of so young and lovely a lady——'

'And of what use would she be to us if she were old and ugly? If Dillon is to be credited—and I really believe the dog is not in love with her; for, my faith, it's no dog he is, but a complete jelly-fish where the ladies are concerned—I say if he is right, the pretty creature asks nothing better than to serve her King. And by the Powers, here she comes!'

They were standing at the end of a stone arcade running the length of the castle, and the Marquesa came along it with her graceful undulating walk. The Count advanced to meet her, hat in hand, presenting Charlesworth, whose acquaintance she had not yet made, although he had been twenty-four hours at the castle.

'Where is Patrick Dillon?' she asked. 'Has he spoken with the King?'

'He is waiting in the quarry, Madame. You know the place?'

'I know it. The King himself showed it to me.'

'Then go and bring him there at once!' cried d'Haguerty imperatively.

The Marquesa lifted and lowered cold eyelids. She was young and simple, but she did not mistake the Count for a gentleman.

'How can I go alone, sir, to the King's apartments?'

D'Haguerty masked his impatience.

'Pardon me, Marquise, but I fancied you just now ready to risk some misconstruction in order to serve His Majesty. Our excursion here is wasted if we cannot have a few words with the King.'

Luzita's fan waved uneasily a few seconds, and then she answered with heightened colour :

'I will write a few words. If this gentleman says it is from me perhaps Perrico will deliver it.'

The Count whipped a gold pencil off his fob and a pocket-book out of his coat-tail. The Marquesa wrote a line asking the King to meet her in the path leading to the quarry, and Charlesworth once more rapped at the King's door. This time the mission was more successful.

Ferdinand was beginning to recover from the paroxysm of rage into which he had been thrown by the humiliation to which he had been subjected by the Governor. He had completely restrained himself until he reached his bedroom, and even there he had made no shattered ruins about him, but had muffled his fierce cries and curses in the pillows of his bed. He lay there face downwards in the dampness of his own tears, when Perrico, urgent but respectful, knocked at his door. He rose unwillingly, slipped out a hand for the note, and was minded to tear it pettishly without reading it. But after all he read it : read it again and tore it into small pieces, but deliberately. Then he pushed the dark hair back from his forehead, smoothed it before the glass, bathed his eyes, and went out across the bridge over the dry moat towards the park : a pale, dignified young prince, not the less interesting for his heavy eyes and the proud melancholy of his air. There were ladies and others courting the westerling sunshine on the green space between a meadow and a lawn which stretched in front of the castle, bounded by shaded alleys. But no one ventured to address him, as at a slow pace, like one absorbed in his own painful reflections, he passed along the broad gravel walk parallel to the castle and disappeared down an alley which sloped towards the river. It is likely that somewhere watchful eyes noted his movements, but if so they saw him do nothing more singular than walk in the direction of a beautiful young woman who was seated on a bench at no great distance from the old quarry. Luz had been watching with tense anxiety for the apparition of that dark and elegant figure, and when she caught sight of it, far off in the frame of the arching trees, she

could hardly repress a cry of joy and relief. She rose and went to meet him as he came down the walk, slowly, almost hesitatingly, and when she came near enough to see his face it was the face of an unhappy man, but also of a king. They met and stood silent a measurable time looking at each other, Ferdinand waiting for her to speak, uncertain as to the motive of her mysterious summons.

'Be consoled, your Majesty,' she said gently, in a low voice. 'You have friends close at hand. Follow me and I will bring you to them.'

'What friends?' he asked suspiciously.

'You have heard of Patricio Dillon of the Ultonia Regiment? No? He is the nephew of General Dillon, and already a distinguished officer in your Majesty's service.'

'It is well, Marquesa. General Dillon is a man of good principles.'

'Patricio Dillon is here in disguise with a confederate. They are hidden in the old quarry, and wish to have a few words with your Majesty.'

Ferdinand looked round him and hesitated. On another occasion he would have declined so compromising an interview, but his princely pride, and also such sparks of manliness as he had in him, had been unwontedly stirred that day.

'I will follow you, Marquesa,' he said almost in a whisper; and the pair walked on side by side.

'I am deeply grieved, Majesty,' she said in a trembling voice, 'that owing to me you should have been subjected to a painful—to treatment unworthy of the King of Spain.'

Ferdinand shrugged his shoulders.

'What can you expect from these Frenchmen? I chiefly regret, Marquesa, that they have prevented me from offering you a present which at Madrid we should have accounted a trifle.'

She looked up with a smile.

'Do not regret that, sire, for in fact these diamonds are already mine.'

He did not understand; started jealously.

'*Qué demonio!* Someone else has already presented them to you? Talleyrand, perhaps? He is not young, it is true, yet—' an ironical smile hovered on his lips, but he restrained his coming gibe at the age of the Marquès de Santa Coloma.

Luz flicked her fan and laughed at the notion of the necklace being a present from the Prince de Benevente.

'They are those which were left me by my cousin.'

'Those which you so loyally sacrificed, Marquesa ?'

'So gladly gave to the service of my King.' And the Marquesa curtsied. 'I cannot understand why Patricio wished me to take them back.'

'But I can,' said the King, and sighed.

They had now reached a little space of ground where the sun sprinkled its gold through the green shade of the leaves and flickered across the face of a wall of rock, but did not penetrate the wide, irregular mouth of a cavern which broke it. The King paused and took the lady's hands. His head was bowed, his mien dejected, and he sighed again as he pressed the slim young hands against his lips. Then he said :

'Marquesita, I thank you from my heart for your loyal devotion ; yet this Patricio was right in wishing to return to you your diamonds. It is not the part of a gentleman, still less of a prince, to receive such a present from a lady. It is I, it is I, Marquesita'—and he kissed her hands again, with greater warmth—'whose privilege it should be to cover these white hands, that enchanting bosom, with all the diamonds of Brazil. Who knows ? A day may come. It would be something, at any rate, to be my own master. I will go in and exchange a few words with these friends of yours.'

With a gesture of farewell, Ferdinand plunged hastily into the cave, stumbling over blocks of stone in the passage, and came in a few yards to a place like an irregular hall, in a kind of twilight, beyond which another wide passage slanted away into complete darkness.

'Is there anyone here ?' he asked in French ; and although he spoke low, his voice seemed to him to echo hollowly. He listened to the succeeding silence ; then went further in and almost whispered in Spanish, 'Is there anyone here ?'

There was no reply, but a rustling sound followed, hardly perceptible, scarcely more than a sensation of movement in the further darkness ; and from behind a half-hewn mass of stone, which partly blocked the entrance to the further passage, a young woman stepped forth into the hall. In her agitation Luzita had forgotten to prepare the King for the guise in which his deliverer would meet him. At the sight of this young woman the King stiffened in anger and surprise.

'Pardon, Mademoiselle,' he said icily. 'I did not know there was a lady here. You were probably expecting someone else.'



'No, my adored King,' returned Mademoiselle Bernstein in a low and tremulous voice; 'I was awaiting your Majesty.'

She made a step forward, and Ferdinand fell back precipitately.

'Then you made a mistake, Mademoiselle,' he replied sternly, and in French, although she had spoken in Spanish. 'You can go back to whoever sent you, and say that he is wasting your wiles and his Emperor's money. Tell him that the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Isidor, and the other saints'—he crossed himself several times and kissed his thumb—'continually watch over the Infantes of Spain and preserve them from the snares of the Evil One.'

Patrick paused, intolerably embarrassed in his movements by his narrow skirt and small shoes, and in his mind by the humiliation of being compelled to present himself to his sovereign in this absurd guise. Ferdinand was turning to leave the cavern when, leaping forward with a stride which audibly rent a petticoat, the supposed young lady seized him by the hand, and holding it in a firm grip, cried:

'For Heaven's sake stop, your Majesty. You do not know who I am—I have something of importance to tell you.'

'*Caracoles!*' exclaimed the King, impatiently giving a tug at his hand, which he was unable to withdraw. 'I see who you are now. You are the dealer's daughter. I suppose you want me to buy that necklace, but I tell you I can't do it.'

'For the sake of all the saints, my King, listen to me. I am General Dillon's nephew, and I am sent here by loyal and patriotic Spain to rescue your Majesty's sacred person from captivity, and from the peril of death.'

The light was too dim for Ferdinand to see Patrick's features distinctly; but the figure kneeling there in the deep dust, its female garments dragged grotesquely round it, did not inspire confidence. The twilight hid too the remorseless mockery of the King's smile as he answered; but his voice revealed it.

'The Marquesa de Santa Coloma informed me of your intentions, and I am ready to believe on her authority that you really are a nephew of General Dillon's, and have no express design of annoying me and obliging the Emperor. But I can tell you, young woman—or man—that nothing would please Napoleon better than to hear that I had been shot by the gendarmes in the act of running away in company with a ridiculous little *bourgeoise*.'

The tone, the scornful laugh on which Ferdinand ended, stung all that was left—and that was not a little—of the boy in Patrick.

He rose hastily to his feet, and stood with bent head, his face flushed and his blue eyes lowering darkly. But, after all, this bitter mocker was his King, and if that made the mockery sting the more, it also forbade resentment.

'This is no madcap enterprise of my own, your Majesty,' he said. 'I have with me an agent of the British Government. The devil devour that d'Haguerty! Where has he put himself? He will show you a letter written with the King of England's own hand, in which he urges your Majesty to have confidence in us, and to allow us to convey you to the coast of Brittany. A British squadron is prepared to make a descent there as soon as you reach the coast.' There was a sound of footsteps, and a shadow in the entrance, and Patrick's voice slid once more into a falsetto. 'I can assure you, Highness,' he continued in French, 'we gave more for the *émoi* ourselves.'

Ferdinand, himself a master of duplicity, could not but admire the rapidity with which the young man slipped back into his assumed character. But then the tall and bulky figure of d'Haguerty was recognisable against the light.

'This is the agent of the British Government, your Majesty,' said Patrick. 'Count d'Haguerty, have the goodness to show his Majesty the letter from the King of England, and explain to him the preparations which have been made to set him at liberty.'

The Count, bowing low, presented a folded paper, heavily sealed.

'When your Majesty has read this,' he said, 'I will explain our plans and the precautions we have taken.'

The King opened the paper in silence and went towards the light to read it. It was written in Latin, and he read it slowly through to the *George R.* at the end, and still stood there looking at the paper. There was a real doubt, a real division in his mind: a doubt whether these people were to be trusted, a division between his habitual fears and his pride of man and prince, in high revolt against the tutelage in which he was held. At length he returned in the direction of d'Haguerty.

'I do not know the King of England's handwriting,' he said.

'How can I tell that this letter really comes from him?'

'Sire, what object could we have in coming here, other than to set you at liberty?'

Ferdinand glanced sideways at him.

'I might disappear with you gentlemen and never be seen again.'

'Alas, sire!' replied the Count gravely. 'How terrible must be the prison which can inspire such an idea in your Majesty's mind.'

'I should not be the first he had done away with,' returned the King significantly.

'If the King of England's letter and my own earnest assurances cannot convince you, sire, of my fidelity,' said the Count, 'my comrade, Captain Dillon, may have better fortune. But where has he vanished? He can give your Majesty Spanish letters in proof of his loyalty.'

'Proofs of my loyalty, did you say?' echoed a voice from the inner darkness of the cavern. 'Yes, the King shall see the noblest proofs!'

On the instant a light masculine figure, clad only in a flimsy shirt and short white drawers, appeared from behind the block of stone which lay in the entrance to the further cave, and stepped out into the wider space with a step as light, an air as hardy as that of a bull-fighter beloved of the people.

'Pardon me, your Majesty,' said Patrick, bowing low. 'This costume is not one in which I would choose to appear before my King, but it is, I hope, less unworthy of an officer in your Majesty's Ultonia Regiment than that of a ridiculous little *bourgeoise*.'

The King laughed again, but this time in a less wounding fashion.

'You Irishmen are all mad! But alas!' and the King's tone was rather dejected than mocking. 'It matters little what my army wears, since in any costume it is always beaten.'

'No, my adored King,' returned Patrick earnestly, 'not always. I have no trophy of Baylèn to show you, though I was at that famous battle.'

'I am tired of hearing of Baylèn,' said Ferdinand pettishly. 'There has been no other success for us to talk about.'

'We have no cause to blush for your Ultonia Regiment when Gerona is mentioned,' returned Patrick proudly. 'And see, my King—he pulled up his sleeve and showed the mark of a bullet-wound on an arm as white as a girl's, but hard with muscle under the fine skin. 'And this'—baring his shoulder that bore the scar of a sabre-cut running down to the breast—'I got this carrying a message for Wellington at Talavera. Has your Majesty never heard of Talavera?'

The King shrugged his shoulders.

'Some skirmish, I suppose.'

'Skirmish, your Majesty, to which the French brought two marshals and forty thousand men and were soundly beaten through two days of fighting. Yet I admit that victory belonged rather to the English than to the Spaniards.'

'The English are bad soldiers,' interrupted Ferdinand. 'If the French were beaten, the Spaniards must have done it.'

'But after all,' continued Patrick, 'your Majesty's best army in Spain is no army at all—it is all Spain, peasants, students, priests, garrisoning the villages and mountains and destroying the enemy piecemeal. Men, women, children, everyone is fighting, and all are glad to pour out their blood, to give their lives in the service of their beloved King. Your Majesty's enemies conceal from you what is happening in your noble and patriotic Spain. Let our Ferdinand VII. return to her and see.'

'But I cannot throw myself into the arms of everyone,' objected the King. 'There are Atheists, Freemasons, Constitutionalists.'

'These names mean nothing of importance. When the King returns to Spain, all parties will disappear: the nation will stand as one behind its King.'

Ferdinand meditated, silent.

'Would that your Majesty's devoted friend, the Count de Almaguer were here!' resumed Patrick passionately. 'He would reassure, would urge. Alas! I have only his dying message to deliver.'

Patrick handed to Ferdinand a paper on which Almaguer had written with a feeble hand his last message to his King. As Ferdinand read it, genuine grief, regret for a real attachment, clouded his face.

'This recommends you more to me, Patricio Dillon,' he said, 'than the King of England's letter. It persuades me more to accept your plan. Poor Almaguer! I heard he had been murdered by Spaniards. Freemasons, no doubt.'

'By brigands, your Majesty—and the assassins have been executed. But time is precious. Will your Majesty permit Count d'Haguerty to explain our project?'

The King assented. D'Haguerty, who although he could not understand the colloquy, had been attentively observing the lights and shades of the royal countenance, now came forward and began explaining rapidly and clearly the details of the plan for Ferdinand's escape, and he listened excited, attentive, persuaded. To-day beckoning freedom smiled upon the King with a sweetness which overmatched the terrors of Napoleon's frown.

Feminine voices were heard without; Luzita's, with its foreign accent, mingled with them, and then they died away. But they warned Patrick to retire. Outside all was again still.

'The Marquesa is gone,' observed the Count, listening. 'No matter, for Charlesworth is still keeping watch.'

Presently there was another feminine voice, very strident, and a male voice of the soft English quality, but raised.

'I shall certainly require your arm,' exclaimed the lady. '*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* I hope I shall not fall into hysterics.'

'Pray lean on me, Madame,' said the man. 'But if you will take my advice, you will not go in.'

'But I want to go in. To think it is a grotto! A grotto! How romantic.'

'I assure you, dear Madame, it is not. It is only a quarry, out of which the workmen get stones when any are wanted for building. It is dirty, and full of draughts. Why should you go in?'

'Because I want to go in. Hold my vinaigrette, my friend, and be ready to support me if I feel faint.'

The intrepid Madame Gaspard entered the cave, leaning with all her substantial weight on the arm of her cavalier, who delayed her progress by a noisy solicitude, intended not to gratify the lady, but to warn those within of her approach. Madame Gaspard, on her part, was displeased at finding two personages—for the moment indistinct—in the cave, where she had projected a *tête-à-tête* with her cavalier. But she could only express her annoyance by uttering loud screams and clinging to him frantically. Ferdinand stepped forward to reassure her with his most sugared manner.

'Do not fear, Madame, there are no bandits here, but two very innocent mortals. I stepped in out of curiosity, but have found nothing, positively nothing, to repay it.'

'I can assure *Madame la Générale* that there is nothing to be got here but a dreadful cold,' proffered d'Haguerty-Bernstein, bowing profoundly and sneezing tempestuously.

'There is certainly a horrible draught'—Madame Gaspard drew her scarf round her ample shoulders. 'But, now I am here, I want to explore the grotto. How funny to be under the earth like this! What sensations it gives one!'

And as she made the tour of the place, her quick feminine eye lit on a tinder-box and a candle that some workmen had left on a ledge of rock.

'How lucky!' she cried holding it out to Charlesworth. 'Let

us light the candle and explore this mysterious grotto to the very end.'

Charlesworth displayed so much clumsiness with the flint and steel that she at length snatched them from his hands and lit the candle herself. Monsieur Bernstein suggested that there were bats in the depths of the quarry, and that it is well known that these animals love to entangle their claws in the hair of ladies, thereby necessitating the cutting off of the whole beautiful *chevelure*. Madame Gaspard was horrified at the habits of bats, but trusted in her helmet for protection. She promised the gentlemen to utter terrible cries if she saw only one, and to faint if it came near her; but she was not to be balked of her adventure on the arm of her chosen cavalier. She led him away down the inner passage.

'After all,' observed d'Haguerty, looking after them, 'it is of no great consequence, even if she does see Dillon'; and he continued in a low tone, describing the preparations made for the King's reception on board the English flagship, the cabin converted into a chapel, the handsome altar-furniture and vessels of gold, the Spanish priest to serve it. Ferdinand listened in astonishment, and felt his prejudice against the English—called Atheists and Freemasons in his dialect—suffer a notable diminution. Already he sniffed the wind of freedom. But too soon was heard again the chatter of feminine tongues, and the white-robed figures of two young girls passed out of the warm flicker of sunshine without into the cold dusk of the cave. Arm-in-arm they came, swinging their bonnets by the strings, and stopped short on seeing Ferdinand and d'Haguerty-Bernstein.

'Well, young ladies,' cried the Count jocosely—for he did not wish to appear private in his conversation with the King—'why do you not come in? It is true that there is nothing to see here, and that the place is dirty and damp; but no doubt you find it very romantic.'

'Yes, indeed, sir, it is romantic,' replied Blanche gravely. 'See, Caroline, is it not precisely such a cavern as a bandit chief might inhabit? I can imagine his wife waiting for his return at the door, while a fire of logs burns within, before which a deer is roasting.'

'Her eyes stream with tears,' continued Caroline, 'and her face is as black as a chimney-sweep's with the smoke. Poor woman! I hope I shall never be the wife of a bandit.'

'Fie, Caroline! I thought you were more romantic!' cried her



friend ; then, lowering her voice : ' How full of mysteries that deep-cavern beyond looks ! I should like to explore it, but——'

Ferdinand was leaning in the entrance of the further cave. Blanche glanced timidly at him. The figure of the tall golden-haired girl, diaphanously white among the shadows, stirred a chord of Celtic sentiment and poetry in the bosom of the Count ; but there was no such chord in the bosom of Ferdinand, who remained severely silent and immovable. Before the young ladies had made up their minds how to pass him, a new arrival came clattering in out of the sunlight, scattering reflections of it from glittering points in his uniform and the bright scabbard of his sword. The ends of his formidable moustaches curled against it, the stiff plume of his *képi* stood up terrible.

' Pardon, Highness ! ' he exclaimed, when he had peered round him, and though his face was masked in shade, its expression could be guessed. ' I thought to find my wife here. She came in here. Where is she ? '

No one answered except d'Haguerty, who denied precise knowledge, but expressed an opinion that the quarry was a labyrinth where with a little good will one could lose oneself for a long time. There was a touch of malice in his phrase, and the General swelled in his uniform. He lifted his head and roared bull-like :

' Jeanneton ! Jeanne-ton ! '

It was fortunately too dark for him to notice Ferdinand's mocking smile or d'Haguerty's, which was pleased. The young ladies stood together, a little terrified, a little scandalised at the General's vociferation. He strode to the entrance of the inner passage, which Ferdinand was mischievously blocking, and bellowed again with an accent of even more unrestrained fury than before :

' Jeanne-ton ! Come out ! ' adding several expressions that are not heard in good society.

D'Haguerty became slightly anxious ; for it was not his intention to irritate the General to the point of getting Charlesworth clapped into a fortress. Meantime, at the first roar, Madame Gaspard had flung her arms round Charlesworth and protested with sincere terror that she dared not go out and face Gaspard when he was like that. In vain he talked sense, and might have continued to do so but for a sudden apparition out of darkness into the circle of feeble candle-light—Mademoiselle Bernstein, grinning unbecomingly at the sight of Charlesworth in the wild embrace of Madame Gaspard.

'What is the matter, Madame?' she asked, keeping her mirth for a later occasion.

Madame Gaspard turned, perceived the young woman, recognised her—although Mademoiselle Bernstein's toilette was by no means so neat as it had been when she appeared on the terrace—and gave an hysterical laugh.

'We are saved, my friend, we are saved!' she whispered to Charlesworth. 'Give that young woman your arm, and I will accompany you. Quick! Let us go out.'

Accordingly, just as Ferdinand had, at the General's request, languidly moved out of his way, and the injured husband was preparing to seek his wife in the bowels of the earth, a group of three emerged from the inner passage, distinct in the illumination of a lighted candle. Charlesworth carried the candle gingerly in one hand, while on his other arm hung Bernstein's daughter, dishevelled, but exquisitely demure in her expression. Madame Gaspard walked behind. The General stepped back bewildered, and his lady addressed him severely.

'Was that you I heard shouting, Gaspard? I have told you before, my name is not Jeanneton, but Jeanne Marie, and I have no intention of answering people who call me anything else.'

There was menace in Madame Gaspard's eye as well as in her voice.

'What the devil do you mean by hiding yourself in a hole like that?' he grumbled.

'I wished to visit the grotto, and Monsieur Charles was polite enough to light a candle and exhibit it to this young lady and myself. Have you anything else to say?'

She turned to Charlesworth and thanked him formally for his escort. But Charlesworth heard not a word that Madame Gaspard said, for as he brought Mademoiselle Bernstein and the candle towards the centre of the open space, its light fell on two white-robed figures, which seemed to have paused in act to retreat from the scene. Their bonnets swung from their arms, and their two charming heads, the blonde and the dark, were turned towards Charlesworth and his fair companion. For an instant he met the gaze of a pair of wide-open black eyes, and then two charming heads were abruptly averted, and two white figures marched away arm-in-arm into the sunlight. Charlesworth hastily dropped Mademoiselle Bernstein's arm and blew out the candle.

*(To be continued.)*

